

November 24-29th---Final Farewell of the Commissioner.

THE WAR OF CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year. No. 5.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE GREATEST LOSS.

(See Article, page 5.)

UNTO THE UTTERMOST.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WEST.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Barrie.

Part I.

"All is Not Gold that Glitters."

Far and broad stretched out the acres of a fertile prairie wide,
Where, long years ago, the buffalo and the wild red man beside,
Foamed at leisure in his blanket, all untamed by white man's will,
Lived the Indian by his rifle, cared not e'en the ground to till.
Now the golden wheat and barley, outgrowth of the yeoman's toil,
Waves in glorious, rich profusion, springing up from the dark soil;
Or, where still uncultivated, grow the sweet, wild flowers rare,
In their various hues so brilliant, token of our Master's care!
Not of tiny, pretty daisies, not of buttercups we write,
Not of fields white, to the harvest, gleaming in the stubble bright;
For right out in this land-ocean, where all nature seems to smile,
Comes an echo from the poet, whispering, "Only man is vile."
Not a hovel, low and dingy, as a shelter for her vice,
Lives the subject of our story—not so small her virtue's price;
But a mansion richly furnished—carpets, silver, music, flowers;
By the music's strains its inmates help beguile the listless hours.
All is not melodious music, or perfume from petals pure,
There is much of real, deep heart-ache that these reckless girls endure;
There is oft a thought of mother praying in the distant home
As she muses in the twilight, longing for her child to come
Home to an offended Saviour, prove His reconciling grace,
And that even in His Kingdom Mary Magdalen's a place.
Often are their souls with sorrow, anguish, and remorse distressed,
As they realize their bondage, and that none can call them blessed:
Rather cursed in soul and body, and with no one to regard,
Or to lift from them the burden of "transgressor's way" so hard;
Shunned by their own sister-women, passed by with indifferent scorn,
From their heart comes wail of pleading: "Oh, that I had ne'er been born!
Never known a world of falsehood, ne'er felt its cold, treacherous tide!
Now I long for some swift river where I may forever hide
All my shame and degradation, if a narrow grave meant all;
But, O God in heaven pity, for I dread Thy judgment call!"
Then, pure-hearted Christian women, stand not longer idly by,
While your fallen sister's dying; rise and help her, list her cry.

Part II.

"Inasmuch as Ye Did it unto the Least . . ."

Wild and furious roars the tempest, sweeping over field and hill,
Carrying all before its fury with an unrelenting will.
Through the blinding Northwest blizzard comes a woman through the snow
Seeking for a place of refuge—well she knows just where to go.
She, at last, is quite an outcast, turned from prairie-mansion fair,
For her dreadful drinking habits made her far from welcome there.

Numbed and shivering in the storm-blast, cold she reached the Shelter door;
Loving hands and hearts bid welcome, though she'd been there oft before,
Gently treated and well cared for, though past efforts had been lost,
This poor fallen drunkard-sister, so long on life's rough sea tossed,
Gradually her life repented, turned from sin's vile path away,
To prove in a Saviour's pardon sin's dark night changed into day.
Gradually—for it was gradual, meaning days and weeks of prayer,
Cheerful words of bright encouragement, often dropped, with wisest care.
But from that dread winter's evening, when poor Mamie crossed the plain
Through the piercing, chilling snow-storm, never to return again,
And met such a kind reception from our Rescue warriors brave,
Who, as tears fell, caused by suffering, tokens of affection gave.
She was drawing nearer Calvary by faith, where her Saviour died,
Proving to her soul's rejoicing that none coming are denied.
None can estimate the struggle that went on in her sad heart
When she, anxious to live rightly, found none to give her a start;
No home open to receive her, none to take a drunkard in
To their home, fearing pollution and defilement by her sin,
All forgetting that their Master touched the leper, harlot, slave,
That their mission, like His, should be, try and "seek the lost to save."
That His Spirit is a man of protection pure and true,
His protection keeps unsullied those who strive His will to do.
Yes, at last a door is opened by a true servant of God;
Mamie leaves the Home's kind shelter to find in her new abode
All of hope, and love, and kindness from those who an interest take
In her life, and thus receive her as she is, for Jesus's sake.

Part III.

"He is Able to Save unto the Uttermost."

Outside, down the rain is pouring, and pedestrians are few,
All seem bent on personal interest, what for self each has to do;
But in spite of rain-drops heavy, in a western Army hall
Gathered is a band of soldiers, waiting for their leader's call
To commence a solemn service o'er a mass of stone-cold clay
From whose temple's frown the spirit to an unknown world away,
For the pale horse and his rider came, with unexpected tread,
Silently his victim summoned from her plain hospital bed.
Did I say that from her pillow our Mamie was called to leave
This dark world of sin and sorrow, and where few her loss would grieve?
No; that was a pen's quick rambling; not so fortunate her state.
Under anaesthetic's influence suddenly she met her fate;
But death's shadow has no terror for the soul washed in the blood,
The caged spirit, liberated, glad returns home to its God.
God who gave it first its being, breathed it into form of man,
In His infinite deep wisdom, executing His own plan

When at first He purposed peopling, in His image, this fair earth,
Incarnated in the human essence of His own great worth;
And though marred by sin that image, by His Son, peace is restored
To the heart by faith accepting all the truth of His dear word.
That in perfect peace He keeps them, who their minds on Him have staid,
And e'en when death's river crossing He with them its waters wade,
Saying, "Surely I am with you, with you to the very end,
In the swelling, rolling Jordan, I still will my presence lend."
So poor Mamie, in the test-time, when she saw the surgeon's knife,
And was told that operation was her only chance of life,
Bravely gave her friend assurance that with her all would be well,
For her blessed Master, Jesus, had saved her from sin and hell.
So when came the quick 'phone-message stating, in her opiate sleep
On the table, fled her spirit, no one felt that they could weep.
Praises to a God so gracious, who could "city sinners" save,
And by His own power, so wondrous, move the sting far from the grave.
Hers was not a pauper funeral—'twould have been, far's we know,
Had she not sought for a refuge that wild night through drifting snow.
In an Army Home of Rescue, there it was she met friends true;
E'en in death they gathered round her, proving what kind hearts can do.
In the Army's funeral meeting sang we of "Sweet rest in heaven,"
And of joy awaiting soldiers who to Christ their lives have given.
While we sang, with hearts uplifted, and gazed on that confined face,
Marked that not upon its features sin had left a single trace;
Peaceful, placid, calm, and happy, every lament serene,
Marvelled all that one so lovely, so great sinner could have been.
From the uttermost He saves all, to the uttermost His power;
How we magnify His greatness, never as we did that hour,
As around the wanderer's coffin, filled with flowers by gentle hands,
Prayed that every harlot-sinner might be drawn by love's strong hands
To the same dear, loving Jesus, who in that past day of yore,
Bled the humble weeping suppliant, "Go in peace and sin no more."
Then, before that funeral cortege moved away from barracks door
Through the city's muddy thoroughfares, caring not for rain's down-pour,
Testimonies bright were given of a Christian life—not long,
But if short in its duration, 'twas one of victorious song;
In the home circle its shining, chiefly where it sheds its light;
But if only like a candle, still it made one corner bright.
So, beneath the dark grave's green sod in the city of the dead,
With a quiet benediction, gently in her narrow bed
Laid we down poor, erring Mamie in her silent resting place,
With a confidence unwavering that to see her face to face
We must to our loving Saviour faithful be unto the end,
Then with her, and all redeemed ones, we'll behold Thee, sinner's Friend.

Better be tied to your mother's apron strings, than bound with iron fetters to the devil's chariot, and carried captive at his will.
Infidelity is a religion (?) of negatives, which can never satisfy those who want affirmatives, and certainties—bread instead of stones.

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SALE OF WORK SACRIFICI

THE Chief Secretary of the last issue, ladies, deserves the women officers and matter, every lady's attention. The effort Work, and is meant Army's branch of v fortunate girls and childer.

Of the excellency be no dissention am we desire, and as to within everybody's mistake. Even the impoverishing them

The plan is to supply quantity of material anybody who will spare little time to make same up into some and saleable article, wearing apparel. So those who could not with money can ass giving a little of time.

Then there are who are skilled in work, and who would fer to buy their own material, and do the work their leisure moment. There is a wide scope usefulness for this. Many will prefer to do



Child

A CHRISTMAS ENTERPRISE.

SALE OF WORK AFFORDS EVERYONE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE SELF-SACRIFICING EFFORTS OF OUR BRAVE RESCUE OFFICERS AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP.

THE Chief Secretary, as reported in our last issue, launched an effort that well deserves the sympathy and help of our women officers and soldiers, and, for that matter, every lady friend of our Social operations. The effort is known as the Sale of Work, and is meant to financially benefit the Army's branch of work dealing with unfortunate girls and neglected and destitute children.

Of the excellency of the object there will be no dissention among those whose support we desire, and as to the ability to assist being within everybody's reach, there can be no mistake. Even the poorest can help without impoverishing themselves.

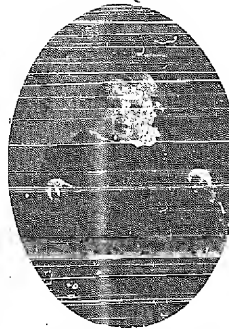
The plan is to supply a quantity of material to anybody who will spare a little time to make the same up into some useful and saleable article, chiefly wearing apparel. So even those who could not assist with money can assist by giving a little of their time.

Then there are many who are skilled in fancy work, and who would prefer to buy their own material, and do the work in their leisure moments. There is a wide scope of usefulness for this class. Many will prefer to do so.

Again, there are Band of Love Sergeants who would be glad to beg of the merchants material to be worked up by a class, into useful and ornamental articles that readily find purchasers. Here is an opportunity of a competition that will add zest to the scheme.

In other corps probably the officer in charge herself would delight in forming a Ladies' Aid Society which could do sewing and fancy work. There is no need in showing the many ways in which this scheme could be made a blessing to the partakers, the corps, or the town, as well as to the Rescue Work in the end, for we must not forget that no combined effort to help a worthy object can be made without greatly increasing the happiness and spiritual life of those engaged.

There are probably many friends among the churches who would be glad to help the Rescue Work, which their own church cannot very well carry out, and if approached, would either join our sewing circles, or organize a circle of their own among members of their church. Let our officers throw their whole soul into this matter, and manage to give some time and thought to its promotion.



Children Cared for in Our Hamilton Rescue Home.

The Rescue Secretary, Mrs. Southall, has already organized a society among the women of T. H. Q. Staff, all of whom will do their share.

It is proposed to bring all articles together at the Headquarters Building about Christmas, and have an exhibition and sale of work. Will you add some product of your brain, hands, and heart to this exhibition, and so help to make the scheme a grand success, which will enable our Rescue Homes to go on in the Christ-like work in which they are engaged?

EGYPTIAN PROVERBS.

If the moon be with thee thou needest not to care about the stars.

The dirt of labor rather than the saffron of indolence.

Work though thy gain be merely the oil (for the lamp) rather than sit idle at home.

Thou art but the washerman of the dead, yet thou wilt ensure him Paradise (patronage).

They came to shoe the horses of the Pariah, the beetle then stretched out its leg, to be shod (vain pretensions).

He bought him a penny's worth of dates, and has now (according to his own boastings) his palm trees in the village.

If a worthless fellow be with thee, do not let him go or a worse will come to thee. This is a favorite proverb regarding servants.

The danger of sudden elevation is expressed in the saying: If God proposes the destruction of the ant He allows wings to grow on her.

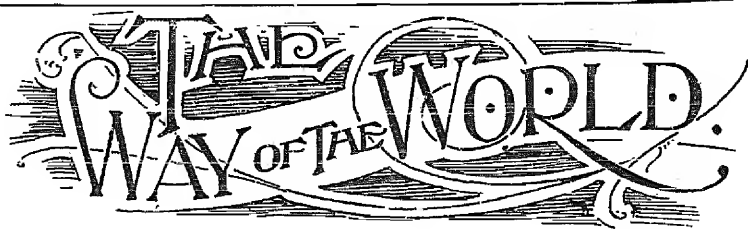
If the dishes increase in number it becomes known that they are from the houses of neighbors—i.e., when a person gives too expensive an entertainment it is evident he has borrowed from others.

A splinter entered the sound eye of a one-eyed person. "I wish you good-night," said he. He fancied that night had arrived.

HOW IS YOUR APPETITE?

Jesus is the bread God sent down from heaven, spoken of in John vi. 33. He says, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." We are to understand by this that Christ becomes a satisfying portion to the soul; in fact, we talk and sing of Him as such. If this is truth, how is it that we find so many of the professed followers of Christ with a hungering and thirsting after worldly pleasures? Their tastes are the same as the taste of the worldling. How is it so? When Christ stands and says, "I am the bread of life," we can only come to the conclusion that the soul that prefers the things of the world and the flesh to the things of God has not learned to feast on that bread of life; they have not an appetite for that diet. Such souls must be in a sickly condition. When the body is sickly, we may sit down to a table spread with the best food, and yet not have a desire to taste anything.

When Christ invites us to His well-spread table, He tells us we may be filled—in fact, we may never more have an hungering or thirsting for those things that hitherto have been harmful to us; we may be satisfied with the "bread of life." Oh, sin-sick soul, whoever you may be, will you not come up to the well-filled table; sit down with Jesus, feast, and be satisfied? Your soul may be always kept in such a healthy condition that your taste will ever be for spiritual things. You will revolt at anything that comes of the world, the flesh, or the devil; it will be Jesus, first and last.



The War.

Surpassing all previous records in the history of warfare was the battle of Liao-Yang, but it appears certain now that the battle of Shakhe River will outdo it. The attacking forces were larger and the slaughter more terrible. It can be assumed with reasonable certainty that the casualties on both sides will amount to 50,000, of which probably twenty per cent. were killed. The Russians went into the battle with buoyancy, but their stubborn bravery was met by equally brave resistance and counter-attacks. The battle has been raging (at the time of writing) for nine days with a fury and horror never witnessed before. The initial success was with the Russians, but the Japanese turned the tide gradually. The village of Shakhe was one of the pivots of the battle. Five times it changed hands. The effect of the numerous artillery was fearful, while companies being annihilated by it. The Russians appeared to be defeated and were falling back, but on the ninth day rallied and advanced. The victory is still trembling in the balances.

At Port Arthur the situation is much the same only that the besieged garrison must necessarily be in straitened circumstances and its numbers gradually declining, as well as its supplies and ammunition. The bombardment of the fortress continues and the Japanese look for its fall confidently.

Winnipeg's Conflagration.

Fire, which started on the evening of Oct. 17th, shortly after ten, did damage to the extent of about \$1,000,000.

The flames started in Bullman's ten-storey block, on Bannatyne Street, which was recently raised two storeys at a large cost. A fierce south wind was blowing, and the flames spread rapidly, the ignition of the chemicals in the building adding to the fierceness of the fire. It was soon seen that it would be impossible to save the block. The entire brigade concentrated its efforts in an attempt to prevent the flames working northward to Ashdown's hardware establishment, on the corner of Bannatyne and Main Streets, one of the largest of its kind in the city, but without success. The building was stocked with thousands of tons of inflammable oils, and the whole structure was soon alight and seen to be doomed.

The work of the firemen was considerably hindered by the terrific explosions which took place, thousands of rounds of cartridges and a quantity of gunpowder exploding.

The Duffin block, occupied by Steele & Co., manufacturers of photographers' supplies, next fell a prey to the flames. The building contained large supplies of chemicals, which exploded with tremendous force, casting burning brands to a considerable distance. The walls of the Bullman block fell shortly after ten o'clock, carrying with them a number of electric and telegraph wires.

The Woodbine Hotel, one of the finest in the city, was next ignited, and other adjacent buildings went rapidly.

The Western Union Telegraph and Telephone Exchange have been destroyed.

The fire brigade worked heroically in the face of great difficulties, in view of the miserable water pressure, which has proved utterly inadequate to the needs of a big city, and the matter will be taken up by the council at once.

In the Interest of Public Safety.

In response to a circular from the Railway Commission at Ottawa, all the railway companies in Canada have formed a joint com-

mittee to agree on uniform running rules and regulations. This step is taken to safeguard the traveling public and as a means towards reducing the number of railway wrecks in Canada.

In the circular that was sent out it was said: "The opinion exists that to some extent the accidents occurring on our railways from time to time are due to the want of uniformity in the rules governing the operation of the various lines."

One point on which the Railway Commission will insist is the men employed in running trains shall be compelled to take a certain amount of rest every day. It will not be within their power to run night and day as a means of earning extra pay, and it will not be within the power of the companies to compel them thus to endanger the lives of the traveling public.

The Railway Commission will insist upon the introduction of what is known as the block system on lines where the traffic is heavy. By this device the occurrence of collisions is made well nigh impossible.

Another safety device the roads will have to install is the automatic switch signal, so that a switch cannot be thrown for a siding when the semaphore is placed to mark the danger.

Uniform signalling rules and uniform rules for the operation of trains by train order will also be features of the scheme which the board has in mind.

Trade with Cape Colony.

The trade of Cape Colony shows a fair advance for the calendar year 1903 over 1902. A return just made up at the Department of Trade and Commerce gives the value of imports into the colony in 1903 as \$168,800,271, compared with \$166,539,766. From Canada the imports increased from \$218,469 to \$1,090,902. The imports from the United States were \$22,080,271, an increase of five and three-quarter millions of dollars, while the imports into the colony from Great Britain, which were \$108,550,957 in 1902, were three millions less last year. The total exports of Cape Colony in 1903 were \$125,143,600, of which Great Britain took \$108,143,607, consisting mainly of raw gold and diamonds.

Chinese Uprising.

The British Minister, Sir Ernest Satow, has notified the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs of an uprising in Tamingsu and Chant-fu, on the border of Shantung, Chi-Li, and Honan Provinces. The uprising has ten thousand adherents. The foreign missionaries are seeking refuge. Yuan Shai Kai, Viceroy of the Province of Chi-Li, has given orders for the suppression of the uprising. Danger is apprehended in the Province of Honan, where the officials are presumed to be ultra conservative.

General Ma, military governor of the Province of Chi-Li, reports that the Moham-medans are showing symptoms of rebellion.

A Princely Gift.

Johannesburg—Mr. Alfred Beit has presented to the Government for educational purposes the Frankenveld farm, twelve miles from here, which is valued at £80,000.

The farm possesses the features of advanced agricultural science. A reservoir has been built on the Wilcocks principle, and across the Jokeskel River there is a mealie mill in full working order, and plant for the treatment of timber, producing poles, for which there is a great demand from the mines. Eight hundred acres are under plantations,

and 200 are laid out in vineyards, orchards, and nurseries.

Mr. Beit's original offer was conditional on the Government acquiring an adjacent estate costing £20,000, after which he undertook to spend £10,000 in increasing the area of the farm, bringing the total up to 2,500 acres and enabling farming to be carried on in all its branches, including a dairy farm and a veterinary school.

The Government accepted the proposal with gratitude.

To Raise Dates in California.

An expert of the Bureau of Plant Industry reports that the Salton Basin in California is actually better adapted for the profitable culture of the date palm than are those parts of the Sahara Desert, where the best exported dates are produced. It is believed that this part of California could yield dates enough to supply the entire United States. There are also places in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas where the characteristically Oriental fruit, dear to the memories of all readers of the "Arabian Nights," could, it is said, be cultivated with success.

Liberal Departures in Russia.

Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the Minister of the Interior, reiterates, according to the report of an interview with him, published in the Russ, his statement that it is too early as yet to attempt to formulate the policy of the Ministry of the Interior, but repeats that much is to be expected from the intelligent use of the Zemstvos. The Minister adds that he hopes ultimately to decentralize the method of dealing with these communities so as to give each of them the benefit of their own knowledge of local conditions, as they are naturally more competent to manage their affairs to their advantage than is the St. Petersburg Government, which often has no knowledge of the local conditions that exist.

Horrible Superstition.

Police investigation at Kingston, Island of St. Vincent, W.I., into the matter of the murder of a little white boy, whose heart and dismembered hands were found in the house of an Obi-man (negro sorcerer) in the Island of St. Lucia, has resulted in the arrest of a seemingly intelligent negro butcher, and a disclosure of barbarous superstition and diabolism that survives to a startling extent in the West Indies, the heritage of a savage ancestry. The child, it appears, was the victim of the desire of the man now in custody, and who had been concerned in some litigation, to "work a spell" on the judge of the Supreme Court, who was to try the case. To this end, at the direction of the Obi-man, whom he consulted, the negro decoyed the child to the house of the Obi-man on a deserted estate in the extreme northern part of St. Lucia, and there the child was murdered and his corpse dismembered. The body had been found, and medical examination shows that death resulted from strangulation. The hands were neatly amputated at the wrists, and the heart and left lung were removed as clearly as though the work of a surgeon. The hands and heart were found in a utensil in the house of the Obi-man. The body, when found, was much decomposed.

Moorish Rebellion.

Reliable news has reached Paris that serious trouble has arisen on the frontier dividing Algeria from Morocco. The Moorish pretender, Bou Amara, has allied his forces with those of the celebrated religious agitator, Bou Amama, and both are preaching a holy war.

The fortress of Aiuon-Sidi-Mellouk was taken without a shot being fired, the imperial troops which occupied it not being numerous enough to offer resistance.

It is expected in Paris that an attack will shortly be made by the army of the two rebellious chiefs on Oujda, a fortified town near the Algerian frontier, where the bulk of the Sultan's troops are concentrated.

However, a stout resistance is sure to be made, for Oujda is provided with excellent cannon and defended by troops trained by French instructors.

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A STORY who me ing-grow evening meal together, and incidents from ing was rather consent, they i each had susta the owner of sh out upon a glas and the white birds, as my f homes riches f alas! a storm a tered and brok my wealth. Su

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"Aye, broth than yours," sp charming wife both died. Sif dreary place, greatest loss of

The fourth n silence to the did he attempt urged. "My lo

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"Tell us you and thus press

Brethren, th ing may bring third brother earth, but my l ing heart is g and trusted m let bitterness in the power to be misery. I trust love not, and a greatest of all

Up and down His children malady of which used to love, an to hope all thin the best of all which never fai of bitterness w trayal or disap have sprung up of God. These carrying the go lost faith, they wing, fluttering ing little heav sword and shic enemy.

Thank God f believing heart them! How w bright faces, an cheery words! "losing heart,"

But, must th have lost believ the Arab, who is there no way

"A heart in Believing,

Can a heart of terness be ma years spent in unbelief be blot on a lease of ne has promised, that the locust . . . and ye sh

The Greatest Loss.

(To our frontispiece.)

A STORY is told of four Arabian travelers who met one night on the same camping-ground in the desert. After the evening meal had been partaken of they drew together, and passed the night in relating incidents from their careers. The story-telling was rather dismal, for, as if by mutual consent, they in turn related the greatest loss each had sustained. Said the first: "I was the owner of ships; one sunny day they sailed out upon a glassy sea, the sky above was blue, and the white sails were as the wings of giant birds, as my fleet glided away to bring me homes rich from foreign lands. But, alas! alas! a storm arose, and my ships were shattered and broken, and in the ruin I lost all my wealth. Surely no loss can exceed mine."

The second followed quickly with his tale of woe: "Gold and precious stones from the East were mine in abundance, but bands of robbers attacked my abode, and carried away all that I had." And the Arab sighed as he remembered the riches were his no longer.

"Aye, brothers, but my loss was greater than yours," spoke the third Arab. "I had a charming wife and child, and in one day they both died. Since then the world has been a dreary place, indeed. Surely mine is the greatest loss of all."

The fourth man of the party had listened in silence to the stories of his countrymen, nor did he attempt to take up his parable until urged. "My loss is greater than yours all."

"How can that be?" they cried in chorus.

"Greater than the loss of my ships?"

"Greater than gold and precious stones?"

"How, man, can it be greater than the loss of my wife and child?"

Still the Arab shook his head, and said, "Greater than all."

"Tell us your story," demanded the three, and thus pressed, the fourth Arab said:

"Brethren, the wheel of fortune in its turning may bring you again ships and gold, my third brother may still find love upon this earth, but my loss is irreparable, for a believing heart is gone from me. I once loved and trusted mankind, but little by little I let bitterness into my heart, until it has lost the power to believe, and I pass my days in misery. I trust not, and am not trusted; I love not, and am not loved. Aye, mine is the greatest of all losses."

Up and down God's Kingdom hundreds of His children are suffering from the sad malady of which the fourth Arab spoke. They used to love, and trust, and believe; they used to hope all things, endure all things, believe the best of all things, because of the love which never faileth; but by degrees the seeds of bitterness were sown in seasons of betrayal or disappointment, and, taking root, have sprung up and utterly defiled the temple of God. These children of God have gone on carrying the good tidings of Jesus, but having lost faith, they are like birds with a broken wing, fluttering hard to keep aloft, and making little headway; warriors bereft of their sword and shield and at the mercy of the enemy.

Thank God for the souls who have kept a believing heart! How we love to think of them! How we warm at the sight of the bright faces, and are strengthened by their cheery words! God keep them from ever "losing heart," from ever losing faith.

But, must the will of God's children who have lost believing hearts be as sad as that of the Arab, who felt his loss was irreparable? Is there no way, no possibility of regaining—

"A heart in every thought renewed,
Believing, true, and clean?"

Can a heart of love which has turned to bitterness be made tender again? Can the years spent in bitterness, strife, envy, and unbelief be blotted out? and can the soul take on a lease of new life? Yes, praise God! He has promised, "I will restore you the years that the locust and canker worm hath eaten . . . and ye shall eat in plenty, and be satis-

fied, and praise the name of the Lord who hath dealt wondrously with you. (Joel ii. 25, 26.)

If God's people, who have lost their first love, who have lost faith, will realize the sadness of their condition as did the Arab; if they will cease to say, "I am rich, and have need of nothing," and cry to God, "I am wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I repent," the God of love will again touch the heart that has become cold and unbelieving, so that they will feel and love and believe as of old, and He will touch their hearts that they may see aright once more. Warm hearts, believing hearts and sunny spirits are wanted in God's Kingdom as much as helping hands. Comrades, let us press nearer to the heart of Jesus, who, though ill received, misunderstood, betrayed, and forsaken of His own and His nearest, loved on and believed to the end.—M. L. C.



THE CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF DRUMS.

By Major Grinstead.

Neither the management of a drum nor the playing of it is quite as easy as is sometimes thought. How to beat the drum seems scarcely to demand any thought, knowledge, or skill, yet each of these are of great importance in obtaining the best results, even when one has the best of drums to beat.

The advice often given is to strike the head in the centre. It is, however, generally agreed now that the proper place to strike it about midway between the centre and the hoop, and with an oblique or angular (but not at right angle to the centre), clean and decisive, but with not too hard or heavy stroke.

The striking of the drum must not be as the striking of a blow with a hammer. It is not the impact of the head of the drumstick with the skin that produces the tone, but the vibration of the head or skin which is set in motion by this impact, and, as a consequence, the body or mass of air enclosed within the drum. That this may be the better understood take, for instance, the violin: the string alone would produce no tone, but its vibration is the means of setting the air contained in the body of the instrument in regular motion, and thus the tone. So it is with the drum.

In accordance with the manner in which the drum is set into vibratory motion, so is there an appreciable alteration in the pitch of the sound of the drum. The more violent the motion the higher will be the pitch of the tone. The best tone of the bass drum is considered to be the lowest tone of the drum (not subject to alteration by tightening or bracing up). The drummer should study and practise to produce this boom tone, which he will readily recognize if he has a good drum upon which to obtain it.

When the drum is required for use it should be tightened. When no longer required, slackened. The slackening is sometimes overlooked, and the drum is left tightened up after an engagement, and remains so. The drum should always be slackened after each engagement.

To tighten up for use lay the drum on its side with the right hand head or batter head side up. The foot will now be at the top. Starting at the loop usually to be found at the third hole to the right of the ring, push down the brace, then the brace on the opposite side, then on the right hand side, and follow by that on the left, just as for north, south, east, and west. Then push down the remaining braces alternately, going thus twice or three times round the drum.

Some drummers hold the snare head toward them, place the knee against the edge of the hoop at the top, and pull up the tugs. This cannot be recommended, and is likely to pull over to one side.

The drum should be kept in a cool place. Do not hang it up by the ring. The proper

way is to stand it on its feet in a safe place when not in use. The ring is to carry it by, and not for the purpose of hanging it up. A cover will assist in keeping it in good condition.

In wet weather do not tighten the drum full up, or keep it tightened up if caught in the wet. Should the shell or the heads get wet, do not dry in front of the fire or in the hot sun. Place near the window or in a draught, or in the shade if in the open air. Drying before the fire or in the hot sun may cause the shell to warp or buckle.

If the drum is used after getting wet, and sufficient time has not been given to it to dry (oftentimes the skin is found to be damp under the hoops after the other parts appear to be quite dry), it is likely to tear. Some bands keep an old drum for wet weather. This is a very good plan if it can be afforded.

In a spell of very dry weather dampen the heads occasionally with a wet cloth, and allow them to dry.

Use a good cord. The proper cords made especially for the drum are of a good three-strand hemp. A good cord may save a number of new heads, and no reminder should be necessary as to a good cord being cheaper than a new drum-head. A good cord will stand the necessary strain evenly and equally, and may be relied upon as being properly shrunk and made flexible.

While, as already stated, good cords will have been properly shrunk, yet when used they may be found to give, or slacken; more particularly will this be found to be so when the drum is new, or with new braces, as there may be a shrinking in some direction in the shell, hoops, braces, or other parts (apart from the cord), thus causing the slackening of the cord. Cords more or less contract in damp weather, and will slacken in dry.

Having tightened or braced up the drum, proceed to tighten or shorten the cord, starting at the loop in the cord; push down the brace and pull the cord as tight as possible, following on with each brace round the drum in the same manner, always working to the left. When completed loop up the spare cord into the usual place.

(To be continued.)

SOME HINTS AS TO THE TUNING OF INSTRUMENTS.

When tuning or adjusting the instrument itself—which needs to be done as well as tuning up with the other instruments that the whole of the band may be in tune—a simple method is:

1. Blow open E (i.e., do not use any pistons). Then blow same note by using the 3rd valve (third from the mouthpiece). If this note sounds sharper than the open E draw the third slide just a little till it is a shade flat, just a shade only.

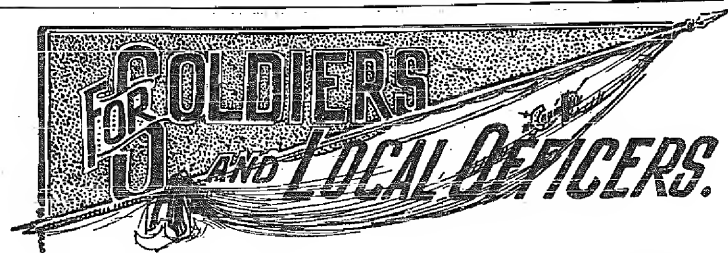
2. Now blow C, and try it against the same note made by using valves 2 and 3 together. It will sound a shade flat, about the same difference as between open E and E made by the 3rd valve. If it does not, and on the contra is sharp to the open note, then draw, just sufficient to make it so, the 2nd valve slide (middle slide).

3. Now try open E again and compare it with the same note made by 1 and 2 combined; this should be just the same degree of sharpness as the E made with the 3rd valve was flat, and just as sharp to the open E as the using of valves 2 and 3 is flat to open C. If this is so—

4. Then try open E again and compare it with E made by using all valves combined, and if this be found to be true, then the adjustment is completed. The slides should be kept to that position until further adjustment is necessary. This may arise from numerous causes.

Four Valved Instruments.

Having adjusted the three valves as above, blow bottom G using valves 1 and 3. Now use the 4th valve and blow at the same pitch the note G, using the 4th valve, having released 1 and 3. If the last note mentioned is sharp, draw the tuning slide of the 4th valve and adjust as required.



POWER.

By Dr. W. D. Reid.

(Continued.)

THERE may be many things about this power you do not understand, but that will not prevent the power from becoming yours. A prominent electrician told me the other day, "We don't even know yet what electricity is, but we know the laws that govern it, and therefore its power becomes ours." This was the experience of Horace Bushnell, when one night he returned to his room after attending an ordinary revival meeting where people were making decisions for God. He reasoned with himself something like this:

"Horace Bushnell, you can never become a Christian in that way: there are so many things about this religion of Christ's that you cannot understand."

Then the question arose in his mind:

"Horace Bushnell, are you willing to do the right as far as you know it, and open your mind to God, so far as you know Him, even though you may not understand Him?"

Over that question he wrestled until nearly daybreak, and at last he surrendered, and he tells from that hour there stole into his heart such a peace and there came into his life such a power as the world could not give or take away. He met the conditions, he surrendered—the power of God became his.

More Willing to Give Than We are to Ask.

I have heard people telling how they wrestled all night in prayer, and at daybreak the power came upon them, and they will tell you, "that is the only way to secure this power of God." Others will inform you about going to sunrise prayer meetings, besieging God for power, and how in the quiet hour of the rising sun, God came on them in power. It is a good thing to pray all night sometimes; it is a good thing to attend sunrise prayer meetings at times, but it is not because of these sacrifices that God fills His children with His Spirit. One would imagine, to hear some people talk, that God was some tyrant from whom blessings had to be wrenched, and that He bestows them with a very reluctant hand. Never was there a greater mistake made. God is far more willing to give than we are to ask. When once the conditions are met all the demons of the bottomless pit cannot keep back from you that power of God. Just as when you meet the conditions the electricity thrills the wires at once; just as when the mill is placed a hundred feet below the level of the water, and the sluice is thrown open, nothing can prevent that power from rushing in, even so is it with the power of God. He is just waiting to bestow His gifts. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him." During all the ages of the past, ages that were devoid of spiritual power, God has been waiting to supply that power. He has been ready to provide power to save the soul, power to overcome evil habits, power to trample vice under foot, power to evangelize and save the world, but the conditions have not been met, therefore God has not been able to save.

The power to save the world, to evangelize the heathen, to rouse the churches, to fight and conquer the evil foes by which we are surrounded, is just waiting to rush down and to fulfill the moment the churches, the moment the Christians, meet the conditions, and obey

the laws governing this spiritual power. Church of the living God, arouse you to a sense of your need. Unfruitful Christian, arouse you, face God in the right spirit, meet the conditions, and the mighty power of God shall be yours.

Keep in Touch With the Source.

Another law we find illustrated from the physical world is, if that power is to be ours, we must keep in constant touch with the source of power itself. You are riding along in a street car and the trolley suddenly flies off—what is the result? Why, the car stops, and the light goes out. There is no power either to propel the car, to give heat in it, or to produce light. So it is in the spiritual sphere. Men receive great blessings from God, and receive mighty accessions of power, but something comes in to interrupt the power, the connection is broken, and the result is that the light within the soul begins to flicker, the Christian warmth dies away, and the spiritual power vanishes. The connection is broken.

Ah, what an awful condition is his who loses connection with God. I have known some very earnest Christians who were very zealous for the Lord of Hosts, and who were wonderfully successful in the work of the Master in winning souls, lose their connection with the source of all power—lose it perhaps through worldliness, lose it through indulging in some known sin, lose it through carelessness, and become as cold and as dry and as dead as a tree that has lost all connection with earth or the sun or both. I have known such to stop all Christian work, abandon all profession of religion, and become as immovable as 1,000 tons of machinery that has slipped the belt from the fly wheel, or a car that has slipped its trolley. Oh, what a sad condition!

How we need to watch against the subtle danger of the devil. Let us do everything in our power to keep in living vital contact with the great source of power. Someone asks, How can I do that? In the first place, keep your life clean and pure. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Let us keep our lives in close touch with God in prayer. No soul can draw power from God without continual and constant agonizing in prayer with God. Though we may not feel like praying at all times, yet let us wrestle and agonize, and God will come near and a new access of power will be the result when the continual feeding upon God's Word will help to keep us in that vital contact with the source of power. The Bible will not save, but the continual study of it warms the heart, quickens the zeal, rouses the flagging energies, and brings fresh accessions of power.

(To be continued.)

MY WIFE THE FINEST WOMAN.

"One of the judges in Sappora," writes a missionary in Japan, "is the husband of one of our Aoyama school girls. This man, not a Christian, says: 'I think my wife is the finest woman in Japan, and that Christianity has made her so. If ever I become a Christian, it will be owing to her influence.' We believe he will yet come to Christ. Everywhere we go, we find strong Christian women who are graduates of our schools."

Spiritual people are supernatural people, and can only be accounted for on the ground "that they have been with Jesus."

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

A soldier against whose character some charge is brought can appeal, if he likes, to the Divisional Officer, who will either settle the matter himself, or, if he thinks best, order a court-martial consisting of the C. O., the Sergeant-Major, and some other person, to try the case, upon whose report he will pronounce judgment.

In all cases of dispute it is the duty of the soldier to act upon the decision of the C. O., at any rate until an appeal has been made to the Divisional Officer.

Every soldier has the privilege of appealing to Headquarters, and is encouraged to use it, should he be dissatisfied with the conduct or decisions of a Staff Officer, and any enquiry addressed there will receive attention.

The Secretary of each corps is responsible for the proper transfer of soldiers who are about to leave the corps because of change of residence.

A Transfer Note, divided into two portions, is provided and used as follows:

(a) A portion upon which the Secretary will write the soldier's name, and sign his own. The Secretary will then tear it off, and, after getting the C. O.'s signature, will give it to the soldier who is removing. This portion will state briefly that he is a soldier of good standing, and is to be received as such by the C. O. of the corps to which he is going. The soldier, on his arrival at the new corps, will present this portion to the C. O.

(b) A second portion, giving the name of the soldier and his standing in the corps, with the town to which he is going. The Commanding Officer will send this portion to his own D. O., who will send it to the Commanding Officer of the corps to which he is transferred. The soldier will thereby be assured of a hearty welcome.

CHILDREN OF GOD.

We are all the children of a loving Father whom the heavens cannot contain; who yet dwells in every contrite human heart, as the sun reproduces itself in every drop of dew. To have God dwell thus in the soul is to enjoy perfect peace. This life is a life of bitterness to those who struggle against God, a world of sorrow to those who doubt Him, and of darkness to those who refuse His sweet illumination. But the sorrow and the struggle ends, and the darkness becomes the dawn, to everyone who loves and trusts the Heavenly Father, for He bestows upon all a divine gift. This gift is the "inner light," the light which shines within the soul itself, and sheds its rays upon the dark pathway of life. This God of love is not far from every one of us, and we all may know Him. He is to be loved, not hated; trusted, not feared. Why should men tremble at the consciousness of His presence? Does the little sparrow in its nest feel any fear when it hears the flutter of its parents' wings? Does the child shudder at its mother's approaching footsteps? If we would live bravely and hopefully we must be conscious of the presence of God. If we believe with all our hearts that He knows our inmost thoughts we shall experience comfort beyond words. This life of peace, of inspiration and communion is possible to all. The evil in us may be overthrown. We may reproduce the life of Christ on earth. We may become as He was—one with God. To must all feeling toward God be self-dissolved and wholly transformed into the will of God. For how shall God be all-in-all if anything of man remains in man?—H. D.

There is but one failure, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.

Think prayerfully before deciding. You can only see a little way; Christ can see the whole way. He cares for you. Consult Him and He will guide you.

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THE MANCHU TARTARS.

It has been well said that when a strong people invade and conquer the territory of a weaker, their conquest has a double effect. The victors impose certain habits and modes of life upon the vanquished, and, in so doing, generally strengthen them in those points where they are weak. But, in return, the vanquished exert an influence upon their conquerors which has precisely the opposite effect, and tends to diminish rather than to increase their strength. So it has been with the Tartars and the Chinese, whose history during the past few centuries has been most instructive to the student.

Just as in one family we invariably find that there are members of very different powers, and that the possessor of the stronger intellect invariably obtains dominion over the others, so it has been with the two great divisions of the Asiatic Mongols. The Tartar is in many points superior to the Chinese, and, as a rule, is easily distinguished even by his appearance. He possesses more decided features, is more alert in his movements, and certainly possesses more courage. The Chinese will fight wonderfully well behind walls, or on board ship, and even in the field display great courage of a quiet nature if they are led by European officers. But, when left to themselves, they are not good soldiers in the field, unless opposed to enemies much inferior.

The Tartars, however, are very different men in battle, as was frequently proven during the wars in China; and though they were comparatively ignorant of the art of war, and were furnished with weapons that were mere toys in comparison with the arms to which they were opposed, they showed themselves to be really formidable antagonists. As irregular cavalry, they displayed an amount of dash and courage which would make them most valuable allies could they be trained by European officers. They boldly charged in the face of field batteries of Armstrong guns, and, though the shell burst among them with murderous precision, they came on in the most gallant manner.

Indeed, a British officer, who was opposed to them, said that scarcely any regular cavalry would have advanced in the face of such a fire, delivered from fifteen breech-loading guns. Of course, when they did close, the superior discipline of their opponents prevailed against them, and the Sikh cavalry of Probyn and Fane at once routed their undisciplined ranks. But, had they been drilled and commanded by such men as those who led the Sikh cavalry against them, the issue of the fight might have been very different.

They served their guns with dauntless courage, and allowed themselves to be cut to pieces by the Armstrong shell rather than leave them. A single man would sometimes be seen working a gun by himself after his comrades had been killed, and he expected the men who led the Sikh cavalry against them, the issue of the fight might have been very different.

One of the remarkable points of their appearance is the method in which they carry the sword. Instead of hanging it to the waist, and letting it hang against the horse's side, they pass it under the saddle-flap, where it is held tight by the pressure of the leg. They thus avoid the fiasco and swing of the European sabre, and moreover are free from the drag of a heavy weapon upon the wrist of the rider.

Of the courage displayed by the Tartars under adverse circumstances a curious incident is given by Mr. McGhee. After one of the charges of Probyn's horse, the Tartar cavalry, in spite of their skill in evading the thrust of a lance or the stroke of a sword, had suffered severe loss, and many were stretched on the ground. Among them was the body of a very powerful man, who had carried a handsome lance. As Mr. McGhee found himself without arms in rather a dangerous position, he thought he would arm himself with the lance, and began to dismount.

As he took his foot from the stirrup, the supposed dead man sprang to his feet, lance in hand, and showed fight. An officer just then rode to the rescue with his revolver, and shot the Tartar in the back. The man fell, but rose again, charged the officer with his lance, unhorsed him, and made off, but was killed by a lance-thrust from a Sikh horseman. The fact was, his horse had been killed in battle, and he meant to feign death until he could find an opportunity of slipping away. Even the wounded men, knowing nothing of the amenities of civilized war, and expecting no quarter, used to fire at the enemy when they lay writhing with pain on the ground.

(To be continued.)

LEARN TO TRUST.

One's manner of greeting friends is a very good indication of character; it shows whether he is a

starved, narrow, pinched nature, or heavy, whole-souled, and generous. Your narrowness or your breadth, the poverty or the wealth of your soul is indicated in your salutation. If you greet your friend with a guarded reserve, or if you shake his hand in a cold, perfunctory way, he very quickly reads your feelings and is chilled by them. On the other hand, if unselfishness runs in your veins, and you are animated by a hearty good will and cordial generosity, your greeting will go straight from your heart to the heart of your friend. He will be warmed and cheered by it.

A great many people are too suspicious, small-minded, and selfish to have real friends. Being narrow and selfish themselves, they cannot understand how another can render service without thought of return. They are always on the lookout for motives. They betray their suspicions in their hesitancy and coldness of manner. Always on the defensive, they have their guards up on all sides. Everybody who approaches them or shakes hands with them knows it, and, of course, will be thrown on the defensive also. By cultivating this attitude of suspicion and reserve they rob themselves of the highest joys of life. They trust no one, and no one trusts them. They cut themselves off from all real and permanent friendships. Love and friendship demand frankness, trustfulness, and reciprocity.

If you wish to be loved and to have friends, throw away your reserve and your suspicions. Believe in your friends for pure friendship's sake. When you meet one do not offer him the tips of your fingers, or give him your sympathy stingly and grudgingly, as if you were afraid you would commit yourself by being cordial. As honest people do, even at a first meeting, grasp your friend's hand warmly. Put your heart into your fingers. Do not give him a cold, formal, "How do you do?" but a hearty, whole-souled salutation. Throw your personality, love, and goodwill into your, "How are you?" Do not be afraid to let yourself out. Do not be on your guard every moment. Give yourself up heartily.—Success.

OLD AND NEW METHODS.

!!!—Shoemaking.

In the primitive days the shoemaker, sitting at his bench, made the shoes of the village. Or perhaps he would travel from settlement to settlement in the thinly-populated districts, encountering choice slices of leather, kept for his coming, and leaving behind a trail of comfortably-shod feet. The shoemaker is no more, for the machine and the factory have driven him out, and only the cobbler remains. With hammer and awl it used to take a half-hour to peg the soles on a pair of rough boots or shoes. One man to-day with the pegging machine will do it in less than two minutes. Did a lady require the luxury of sewn shoes, the hand worker would make them with awl, pinners, and thread in an hour. The McKay sewing-machine sews through the outsole, upper and insole in a single operation, and reduces the time from an hour to a minute. Two sewings are necessary to fasten the soles on a welt shoe, and a pair was done by hand in three hours, while one man with the Goodrich welt machine does twenty-five pairs in the same time. The uppers to-day are put together with the sewing-machine, and one person does the work that formerly required forty. The finished shoe has gone through a hundred and fifty distinct operations, and under as many pairs of hands. The marvel of the shoe industry is that with the best appliances the work of one man for a single day will make the year's supply of shoes for a family. This primitive shoemaker took from one end a half to two weeks, and turned out a poorer job.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was full. Jane had to wear her father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish, when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world — rain-water, soda-water, holy-water, and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ship couldn't float, and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he landed it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first-rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think of about water—except the flood.



The Prince of Wales' Children.

A QUEER PET.

The wife of the Governor of North Borneo has a pet which few women will envy her. The Governor's house is near a jungle, and from it strayed a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he at once became tame, and refused to return to his native wilds. He consumes sixteen quarts of milk a day, and on this diet thrives and grows fat. He might be mistaken for a queer sort of hog were it not for the horn in the middle of his face. He is devoted to his mistress and follows her about like a dog.—London Standard.

A PHILANTHROPIC JOKE.

First a halfpenny and then a gold piece gave considerable amusement to a small crowd in the Rue Daumesnil, Paris. The former coin was placed on the pavement and lay untouched for an hour and a half before it was picked up by an old lady, who carefully placed in her reticule, despite the derisive cheers which were accorded her by those who were watching.

An American gentleman then placed a 20-franc piece on the ground, and as pedestrian after pedestrian passed without seeing it, they were startled by the uproarious laughter from doors and windows. They stopped short, looked confused, and then hurried away with indignant glances at the merry-makers. The 20-franc was at last picked up by a bent and feeble old man, who hobbled off with his treasure amid enthusiastic cheers.

SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T DO.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving, if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of the room with both your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it—that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

TELEPHONING IN ABYSSINIA.

Abyssinia is being provided with the telephone—another advance, surely of civilization. Nearly 800 hundred miles of wire have been put up, and 1,000 more are in process of construction. It would seem, however, that the contractor who is doing the work for the Abyssinian Government has had to encounter unusual difficulties. Tropical rains wash out the poles, while ants eat away the parts in the ground, and when iron poles were substituted for wood the natives stole them to make tools of. Monkeys find the wires delightful swings, while elephants use the poles as scratching poles, and often knock them down. Lastly, the jungle grows so fast that a party of men is kept constantly employed in cutting away the young growth. Altogether the telephone contractor's life in Abyssinia is not a happy one.

THE PICTURE POST CARD FAD.

More than six hundred and thirteen million picture post cards passed through the British post office during the last twelve months, an increase of twenty-five per cent over the previous year.

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ENSIGN RICHARDS, St. Stephen, to Louisburg.

ENSIGN MARTIN, Special Work, to Sydney.

ENSIGN J. GREEN, Sydney to Inverness.

ENSIGN PIERCY, Glace Bay II., to Charlottetown Corps.

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Commissioner's Farewell Campaign in the East Likened to a Tornado

(By Wire.)

Whole city stirred by Commissioner's farewell campaign. Tornado reception at the depot. Opera House gorged to suffocation: police escort had to force entrance for Commissioner through hundreds outside the doors. Overflow meeting conducted in Baptist Church. Our leader's burning eloquence wrought havoc with the consciences of the crowd. Indescribable expressions of love and sorrow over her departure. Sixty-two men and women at the mercy seat, some desperate cases among them. Monday night's meeting was a tremendous climax, his Worship Mayor White presiding. Magnificent tributes spoken by Dr. Howard Sprague, Mr. Joseph Bullock, Hon. H. A. McKeown, Judge Forbes, Dr. T. W. Walker, and Dr. T. F. Fotheringham. Vast audience united in thrilling God-speed; many in tears; all with enthusiasm. Final councils with 500 Eastern officers now in progress. Commissioner's strength is spent with herculean efforts, but she remains indomitable as ever.

Colonel Jacobs.

Editorial.

THE WAR.

The Russo-Japanese War has assumed the aspect of a horrible butchery, too revolting to dwell upon its details, such that would turn advocates of wars into friends of peace could they but witness the scenes of suffering and carnage reported. Then, again, the consequences of the recent wars cannot be anything else but brutalizing. Life, torture, and death become subjects of low jokes and cynical remarks. To read the average newspaper one wonders whether the chivalric characteristics of Christian teaching are not entirely forgotten by the so-called Christian nations. Nobody can bring any excuse for war which would make it less than a wholesale murder. There can be not the slightest doubt that a way of peaceable settlement could have been found to adjust the cause of disagreement between Russia and Japan. We can only urge the creation of a public sentiment against war. Public opinion, if strong enough, will force the hands of any Government. It is within our glorious privilege to use our influence in this direction. This can be done judiciously with the children when the J. S. lessons give the opportunity, and it can be done with a word in season now and then from the platform. At any rate, it is decidedly against the very essence of Christianity, and the teaching of the Salvation Army, to express opinions that give the impression that we approve of war. If the condition of the world to-day is such that war cannot be avoided, Christians at least should cease to applaud it.

Editorial Newsletters

"The Commissioner's farewell motto is selling like hot cakes," says the Trade Secretary. "At Winnipeg 200 were disposed of quickly." Send your order early. (See ad. p. 15.)

Our Immigration Department recently sent two married men and families to Belleville. The head of the firm which was going to employ them met them at the station with a carriage and looked after them well, providing also houses for them to live in. The men wrote to Brigadier Howell in a most grateful manner.

Another batch of domestics has been placed, and Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin is bringing

the last lot of immigrants for the season with him to-morrow.

Brigadier Archibald is attending the National Prison Conference at Quincy, Ill., to which delegates from Canada and Mexico are invited.

By some mistake a report of a visit to Hamilton II. by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Attwell for H. F. Sunday was omitted. Our comrades had a splendid week-end and three souls, with a good total of collections. The altar service on Sunday night was a good feature. The hall has been painted and decorated.

Capt. and Mrs. Pynn have farewelled from the historic old No. 1 corps. They had twenty-five converts during their term, and enrolled fifteen soldiers. The finances have been especially gratifying. Our comrades are following Capt. Baird at St. Catharines.

Ensign Sherwin, some little time ago, was married to Robt. Henry Stanyon, a brother of Major Stanyon, by Staff-Capt. Patterson, at the T. H. Q.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass have welcomed another girl into their family, somebody whispered to me. Congratulations!

Adjt. Sims, who has been so long attached to the C. O. P., has farewelled to take charge of Petrolia Corps and District.

Changes in the E. O. P. Staff-Capt. McNamara has gone to Owen Sound Corps and District. Adjt. and Mrs. Habbkirk go to Hamilton Corps and District. We have not yet heard of the appointment of Adjt. and Mrs. Kendall, also Adjt. and Mrs. Newman. In the places of those comrades we welcome Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Perry to the command of Kingston Corps and District, Adjt. and Mrs. Cameron to Belleville Corps and District, Adjt. and Mrs. Jennings to Peterboro Corps and District, and Ensign and Mrs. Gillam to Montreal I. Corps. Ensign Gammaidge and Lieut. Thornton to Port Hope, Captain Owen to Picton, Capt. Gates to Peterboro as 2nd, Capt. Cook and Lieut. Nelson to St. Johnsbury, Pro-Capt. Aylsworth and wife to Ogdensburg, Capts. Young and Allan to Ottawa II., Lieut. Penfold to Millbrook, Lieut. Miller to Prescott, Lieut. Thomas to supply at Tweed.

BIOSCOPE SUCCESS.

(By Wire.)

Five souls and \$104 was the result of our week-end at North Bay. Monday night an extremely appreciative audience gorged the Opera House to its limits, and went away delighted with what they expressed as the clearest and best moving pictures they had ever seen. They sang lustily as the Canadians were shown passing the General at the C. P. —Capt. DeBow.

Winni

REMARKAB BLOCKED ITENTS AD

ONE never the telegraph recesses unexpected some plans. So it was had to be halted and a flank move. Aurora is elegant, returning in breath with a gale altogether. Can is making strain. Fortunate in which brings before the car. I particle of it is munition such as ours can have. Whirlwind had there could not! albeit the Cour ceremony as if s. The two little evince their pl flying up to the time to muster to make more portable chair; happier and hot a fire fit to run sixty minutes, word of prayer the wires; but which so often of her Lord a plenty of time burdens, find a her perplexities hopes and fear sympathy such months to com making up on which give the Commissioner's halls of her pe farewell arrived stealing down t just where the pressed, a final together of wa a sudden sunb sky, the Com leaving behind a letter reachi for Winnipeg kind of blessi

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"We feel we you for your way you see your anxieties cheer and bliss forget, it will encourage us. My dear Com you and pray creased tenio earnestly pray both in body in the Master Susie Langdo

An hour's retary adjust hydropathic inimitable Gif fastened down important we sees us on th was not an want it to b where there journey of fo ing than mo is not known

Winnipeg Says Good-Bye to Commissioner.

REMARKABLE WELCOME DEMONSTRATION AT THE STATION—STREET
BLOCKED SUNDAY NIGHT—STIRRING ADDRESS AND MANY PEN-
ITENTS—INTENSE APPRECIATION OF THE COMMISSIONER'S
ADMINISTRATION VOICED BY PROMINENT CITIZENS.

ONE never knows what is hanging on the telegraph wires, or hiding in the recesses of the mail bag, to turn an unexpected somersault in the Commissioner's plans. So it was that the western journey had to be halted before it was well begun, and a flank movement executed at Aurora.

Aurora is electrified. Captain and Lieutenant, returning from their visiting, catch their breath with a gulp that endangers losing it altogether. Can it be the Commissioner who is making straight for the quarters' gate? Fortunate in their eyes any catastrophe which brings her there. There is an hour before the car leaves for Toronto, and every particle of it is crowded with precious communion such as only such a leader's heart as ours can have with her people. If a small whirlwind had swept through the cottage there could not have been a greater sensation, albeit the Commissioner comes with as little ceremony as if she were a soldier of the corps. The two little officers cannot do enough to evince their pleasure. Captain's swift feet fling up to the upper storey two steps at a time to muster all the cushions imaginable, to make more comfortable the most comfortable chair; Lieutenant's rosy face getting happier and hotter every instant as she stoked a fire fit to run a small locomotive. Only sixty minutes, and a cup of tea to discuss, a word of prayer to say, a message to flash over the wires; but in the Commissioner's hands, which so often seem to catch the inspiration of her Lord and make much out of little, plenty of time to talk out all the Captain's burdens, find a way out of a great many of her perplexities, enter into her ambitions and hopes and fears, and give such advice and sympathy such as will light the future for months to come. Only sixty minutes, but making up one of those little side scenes which give the key to the hold which the Commissioner has in the homes as well as the halls of her people. All too soon the hour of farewell arrived, and with an irresistible tear stealing down the brave little Captain's cheek, just where the Commissioner's kiss had pressed, a final whisper of cheer, a hurrying together of various bags and briefs, and like a sudden sunbeam out of the rather wintry sky, the Commissioner's presence is gone, leaving behind an influence—well, a peep over a letter reaching the Commissioner en route for Winnipeg the next day, will tell what kind of blessing it left.

Blessings by the Wayside.

"We feel we can never sufficiently thank you for your kindness yesterday. In every way you seemed to forget your pain and your anxieties for other things, in trying to cheer and bless us. Your visit, we will never forget, it will ever live in our memory and encourage us on to do greater things for God. My dear Commissioner, we have always loved you and prayed for you, but our love has increased tenfold by your visit yesterday. We earnestly pray that you may be strengthened both in body and soul for your work. Yours in the Master's service, Grace Lamb, Capt.; Susie Langdon, Lieut."

An hour's consultation with the Chief Secretary adjusted business of importance, some hydropathic mysteries at the hands of the inimitable Gipsy broke up the cold which had fastened down upon the voice which has such important work waiting west, and the 145 sces us on the iron trail Winnipegwards. It was not an eventful journey—we did not want it to be, for events mean delay, and where there is not an hour to spare on a journey of forty-eight, nothing is more pleasing than monotony. Monotony! The name is not known where the Commissioner is; first,

because her company forbids it, second, because there is no time for such a thing when her brief bag is carried. From Toronto to Winnipeg the Commissioner scarcely lifts her eyes from her papers, save at Fort William, when she gets down for a bit of air on the platform. Here strides up a faithful soldier of the local corps, who has watched two days for a last sight of the Commissioner.

On Time.

On time. Whether due to the believing hearts pledged to plead in Toronto, or the energetic faith awaiting its arrival at Winnipeg, the long train pulled itself into the Western Metropolis not a tick behind.

People—people everywhere—filling up every nick and corner of the depot, climbing up the posts and holding onto boardings, while away across the broad main road a dense black mass of heaving humanity swayed in impatient anticipation.

"Political elections on, I suppose," said the Commissioner, as she picked up her writ-



His Worship Mayor Sharp.

ing case; "strange to make such a scene on Sunday."

We kept our own counsel, but didn't think political elections had much to do with it. There in front of the typical western crowd were the cheerful features of the North-West P. O. Amid cries of "There she is!" "God bless her!" "Welcome back!" the Major hustled her through the station, followed by a wildly excited throng into the midst of the dense crowd outside, whose centre of Salvationists, hundreds strong, broke into vociferous cheering at her approach, and joined the brass band in declaring, "Welcome, welcome home." After that even the Commissioner's modesty had to believe that the ovation was in her honor as she passed to her carriage through the lines of faces lit with April smiles. As the Winnipeg press put it, it was the welcome of a princess. Fain would the Commissioner have stayed there to thank the people, but Major Burditt, with hand upon watch, was inexorable, and hurried her off to the neat Provincial Quarters, where the glowing face of his brave little wife, with the radiant countenance of Adj. Taylor, framed in fragrant steam, promised physical equipment for the afternoon's mighty undertaking.

Halt an hour before the afternoon meeting we are warily feeling our steps through the green rooms of the Winnipeg Theatre when we stumble upon a distracted-looking woman poking her way under the rafters. "Oh, could you tell me the way up?" she gasps. "I've got through them" (with an agitated gesture towards the door) "and I must get in somehow." Directing her feet to a rickety staircase which we hoped led to security, but which, in our ignorance of theatres, may more probably have carried her up among the scenery, we sought the door to find out from whom she fled. Shall we ever forget the sight which met our gaze? The street—and it is a typical Winnipeg street, spacious and broad—is blocked right across. On the outskirts men hung their heads dejectedly; closer in there are heated discussions of various ways and means; while the heart of the mob beats in angry tumult before the wide theatre doors, where officials guard the closed doors as best they can, repeating in an agitated chorus that there is not an inch left to stand on.

Within the sight was awe-inspiring; the atmosphere is suffocating, and when the figure for which all Winnipeg is watching appears the noise is deafening. They clap, they stamp, they roar, and the meeting starts on the sweep of a Niagara.

Colonel Pugmire starts a song of gratitude. It is like a lightning touch to the electric atmosphere, and there is a swing with which we sing which seems to say whatever the parting soon to come, we have the Commissioner for a time anyway, and meant to make the most of her.

To say that the Commissioner makes the most of the opportunity, feebly expresses her splendid efforts. "I have heard her so many times," said one of the officers, "and been blessed each one; but it seems as though some new mantle of inspiration had lit up its folds about her this time." Beyond a word of her love for Winnipeg and appreciation of its welcome, the Commissioner would not touch upon her farewell, and Winnipeg will remember her as it has loved to know, as her soldiers have been proud to follow her, as her officers have been eager to follow her, absorbed and abandoned with the desire to bless and save. Yet there seemed something of a deeper yearning born of a parting hour, in some of the Commissioner's pungent sentences. "Oh, that I could take heaven out of the 1st of intangibles and present it to you as it is—the brightest and most glorious fact of all God's universe." Yet there was no sparing of the knife her kind hand held, or withholding of convicting truth because the morrow meant good-bye, with the utterance of such home-thrusts as these: "Past your door every Sunday there go men and women who have consecrated all they have to the saving of Winnipeg—have you ever consecrated anything to the saving of one?"

And when the Commissioner turned to the description of the reward of the redeemed and pictured as she only can their victory on the plains of light, the faces of her hearers literally shone with the foretastes of the glory, and one old saint irresistibly clapped his hands.

Her apt illustration and inspired insight into the trials and opportunities of Christianity among the toilers so struck one working man that he clapped his knee, saying, "Blest if she don't know everything."

Emotion—abundance of it. But it was the dew of blessings which filled our hearts and brimmed over.

Results—quickly and richly reaped. A lady stands in the box, a prodigal in the gallery, a broken heart from a dark corner in the pit, and so they come till the orchestral stalls are consecrated by the penitents' tears.

Twenty-Five Surrender.

Night. The theatre is gorged. The attention is breathless. The Commissioner—
(Continued on page 12.)

FIELD BULLETINS

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS.

A Wanderer Returned Home.

Trout River, Nfld.—God is still with us, although the devil is raging. Never can I forget the scene which followed when one comrade, who had wandered into the wrong track, through disobedience, came back. "I am lost, Captain!" he shouted. "If I had only listened to you! You have done your best! I am lost, I am lost!" After the comrades pleaded earnestly with God the light dawned again. What glory filled our souls! I cannot describe it. We are in for victory.—S.-M. Barnes.

The Right Kind of Meeting.

Blake Town, Nfld.—On Wednesday, Sept. 28th, we went to the outpost for a meeting, and had a blessed time. Six precious souls sought and found God. While we were singing, "Coming home, no more to roam," a mother gave her child into the arms of another sister and came to the cross. One dear old woman, over sixty years of age, sought Jesus, also two of her daughters. To God be all the glory. We are believing for a great revival soon. Our soldiers know how to fight. Secretary and myself, after a six miles' walk, got back to the quarters about one o'clock in the morning, tired but happy.—Yours in the war, A. S. C. O.

Backslider Returned.

Morton's Harbor, Nfld.—It is quite a time since the readers of the War Cry have heard from this corps, but, thank God, we are still on the move. God was with us all day on Sunday. At night one poor backslider came back to the fold. On Thursday night we had with us Ensign Trickey, accompanied by our D. O., Ensign Pitcher. Ensign Trickey gave us a lantern service, "Home, Sweet Home," which was enjoyed by all. His music and singing were also appreciated. The only regret was that it was too short. H. F. is here. Sure Morton's Harbor will come up all right. It can't be otherwise with such a lot of kind-hearted people as we have here. We are all in to do our best, not only to raise our target, but to get people to donate themselves to the Lord.—L. Hebbelich, Capt.

CENTRAL ONTARIO NEWS.

The Red-Hot Evangelist.

Stung on Pains.—Ensign W. J. Cornish, the Red-Hot Evangelist, Hop Sing, the Hallelujah Fiddler, and Capt. New, spent one night in this place, and we had a real treat. There was good music and singing in abundance, besides the Ensign gave us a very interesting and inspiring address on his trip to the International Congress, and we certainly did enjoy it. At times he was very pathetic as he spoke of the poor, down-trodden people of the slums, and when the Ensign described the smart little shrew-black and newsboys, who were always on the lookout for a tip, we enjoyed it very much. The attendance and the finances at the same were excellent. We were sorry Ensign Cornish and Capt. Minnis had to leave so soon, but we are glad Capt. New is staying with us a few weeks, while the officers are on furlough. Sunday was a time of blessing. Fourteen gathered at 7 a.m., when God came and blessed our souls. His presence was felt in all the meetings, and four precious souls knelt at the mercy seat. We all mean to stand by Capt. New and go in unitedly to pull down the devil's kingdom and build up Christ's own.—One in the war.

"The Bold Thief."

Lindsay.—We had Adj. Sims, the J. S. Secretary for the C. O. P., with us for Thursday night. His lecture entitled "The Bold Thief," was enjoyed very much by the audience, and proved very interesting. One brother, who had wandered away from God, was made so miserable on Sunday morning that he had to come to our home meeting and give himself to God again.—C. O. M.

Thirteen Souls on Sunday.

T. H. Corps.—Great Thanksgiving services were held at our corps on Harvest Festival Sunday by Mrs. Stanvon and the Training Home Staff, assisted by the Cadets, boys and girls. The large hall upstairs was filled afternoon and night. Major Stanvon, who was to have been there, was called to assist our beloved Commissioner at Montreal, but Mrs. Stanvon ably carried the meetings to a successful finish. Her subject, "Life," was grand, and full of power. At night her subject, "The Man that Prospered, but Lost His Soul," made a marked impression on the audience. The prayer meeting was grand, and the Training Home Staff and Cadets worked nobly. Thirteen sought and found pardon. To God be all the glory.—One who was there.

Farewell to Officers.

Surgeon Falls.—Sunday night, Sept. 25th, four officers, Ensign and Capt. Crocker, farewelled from

here. The barracks was well filled, some even had to be turned away, which shows the esteem in which these officers were held here. During their stay a real good work has been done for the Master. Through the Captain's untiring efforts and the Ensign's clear Gospel teaching and Bible readings a goodly number have been converted to God and a number have professed sanctification. The finances, too, never were better. Harvest Festival target was overreached with very little effort. The Ensign, who has been in charge of the Children's Shelter, Toronto, and who is particularly fond of children, did a good work among the young here; they all loved her and many of them were converted to God. On Monday afternoon the Ensign conducted the funeral service of Sister Dick's little one. He was just two months old and was dedicated to God in the Army by Adj. Sims the week before. We have Capt. New with us for a few weeks, until the new officers come. The Captain is doing a good work. Four souls came out for re-consecration in the holiness meeting last Sunday, and one the Wednesday before. Praises the dear Lord; we give Him all the glory.—Mrs. R. Dean.

Memorial Service at Lippincott.

Lippincott.—Our dear comrade, Secretary Cox, has been passing through deep waters of late. A few weeks ago he buried one of his children, and at the time of that funeral Mrs. Cox was too ill to attend. Since then she has gradually grown worse, until Wednesday, Oct. 6th, when the Death Angel came and took her spirit home to God. As the home was quarantined, Adj. and Mrs. Knight, with the Lippincott band and soldiers and the officers from the Temple and Riverside, held a short service on the street in front of the house, and on Sunday night a memorial service was conducted at the Lippincott St. barracks. In spite of the pouring rain the barracks was filled and the service was most impressive. Several comrades spoke of the blessing Mrs. Cox had been, and Bro. Cox himself spoke very feelingly of his wife's devotion to God, and how she had been the means of winning him to the Saviour. At the close of the service fourteen souls knelt at the penitent form and professed salvation. Secretary Cox and his motherless children have the prayers and sympathy of the Lippincott comrades.—Culler.

EASTERN PROVINCE NEWS.

Event Upon Event.

Charlottetown.—Ensign Laws and Lieut. Wyld visited Summerside Tuesday evening. Capt. Crossman taking our meeting. One soul came out into the light. Myrtle McCracken, a member of the girls' Bible class, and of the drill class, of Springhill, an estimable young man and a follower of Jesus. Harvest Sunday meetings of Ensign and Lieutenant were well attended, and two souls came back to the fold. Bro. Wannacott and Capt. Crossman leave us again this week, and several comrades go to St. John's. Sister Mary F. Ellis is still in Newfoundland and keeping well saved.—H.

Clear Corps of Debt and Eight Souls of Sin.

Londonderry, N.S.—Our corps is not behind in any respect. Since coming here six weeks ago God has been helping and blessing us. By the kind assistance of the soldiers and friends we have been able to clear the corps of debt, and, best of all, eight souls have sought the Saviour. Praise God! On Sunday we had sixteen on the march, and at the close of the meeting three souls knelt at the mercy seat. On the 1st we had our H. F. sale, which was a grand success. Capt. Hargroves, from Truro, assisted us. He makes an excellent auctioneer. God bless the Captain. Of course we smashed the target (will need a new one next year). We have a fine lot of willing soldiers to work with here. God bless them. We are in for victory. No doubt you will hear from us again soon.—The Little One.

Sixteen Souls and Smashed Target.

St. George's, Ber.—Since last report we have had some serious changes in our midst. Our dear officers, Capt. Hubb and Lieut. Ecker, have left us and gone to other parts of the vineyard. Capt. Venable and Lieut. Murphy, from Canada, have arrived and are leading us to victory, and, best of all, we have had sinners of the worst class changed into saints. Praise God! We are sorry to lose our officers, but we know that God has a work for them elsewhere. Our new officers are just pushing things and making it lively for the devil. On Sunday night we had a glorious time. God came very near and blessed our labors. We had the joy of seeing twelve precious souls at the mercy seat. Among them were two bandmen (who have long been away from God) making a total of sixteen. We scored a glorious victory in H. F.—smashed our target to smithereens. Tuesday night soldiering was one of the most spiritual times we have ever had together. Our crowds are good and finances, and altogether we are going in to bring St. George's to Jesus.—Yours for God, J. S. Kelly, Corps-Cadet.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Many Specials.

Nowport, Vt.—Since last report we have had a visit from Brigadier Turner; also from Ensign Edwards, with his lantern service entitled, "Former Brown's Awakening." It was very much appreciated. We are looking forward to a visit from our D. O., although it brings sadness with it, as it will be his farewell visit. On the 16th of this month we say farewell to our officers. We are sorry to have them go from us. They have been a great help and blessing to many and have won souls for the Master; but what is our loss is someone's gain. We pray that God will bless them in their new appointments.—Secretary.

Surprise Wedding Party.

Tweed.—An event of such unusual importance has occurred in our corps that we thought we must inform your War Cry readers about it. The inhabitants of our little town were thrown into a terrible state of excitement by some dodgers announcing a hallelujah wedding to take place in the barracks. Wonderful were the speculations as to who the contracting parties were. Some said it was the Secretary, others better informed said it was the J. S. S.-M., but all had to nurse their curiosity until time for the ceremony to be performed, when Bro. R. P. Hawley, of the Tweed outpost called Cloyne, stepped forward, ably supported by Capt. Gates; and, would you believe it? the blushing bride was no less a person than our old and tried soldier, Sister Lizzie Storing, supported by J. S. S.-M. Way. The responses were clear and to the point, showing that their minds had been fully made up. When the time came for the groom to salute the bride the pent-up feelings of the audience gave vent by hearty hand-clapping, showing their hearty approval of the entire proceedings. The ceremony was conducted by our worthy P. O., Brigadier Turner, who easily convinced the audience that he was no novice at tying the knot. At the conclusion of the ceremony Brigadier Turner gave a very interesting and instructive address on his recent visit to the great I. O. which was much appreciated by the audience generally. S.-M. Snyder, who was once Capt. Churchill, of Cloyne, with some of her soldiers, were with us for the week-end, which added very much to the interest of our meetings. The best wishes of the Tweed soldiers go with Bro. and Sister Hawley, and they pray that God will abundantly bless them, both temporally and spiritually.—Yours in the war, Sec. G.

H. F. Demonstrations and Farewell.

Ottawa I.—During the past weeks last past our corps has been engaged with the annual Harvest Festival effort, which has passed successfully. There was a juniors' demonstration in connection with it, the juniors displaying their abilities in singing, drills, recitations, etc., also a display of fruit, vegetables, and gifts of various kinds, and tables nicely decorated and loaded with funny work. The sale of these things brought good financial assistance towards smashing our target. We have just welcomed Ensign Slater to assist in the work here. On Sunday evening Adj. Hicks said good-bye to her many friends and comrades in this place, and in a few well-chosen remarks thanked them for their sympathy and kindness, and also told of God's wonderful guidance and many blessings in the Rescue Work. The Adjutant went deep into the work accomplished by the Rescue Home and gave a three years' statistical account of it, which revealed a good work done. Adjutant leaves us with the well-wishes and prayers of all for success and victory in her new charge at Winnipeg. She has been a faithful worker also at the corps whenever opportunity presented itself, and we shall miss her very much. Six pleading souls fell at the mercy seat, and found pardon through the blood. Praise God! At the close of the meeting, with clasped hands, we encircled Adj. Hicks and sang, "God be with you till we meet again," and the Adjutant asked God's benediction upon the work and comrades of this city.—Sec. French.

No. 11 Corps Opened in the Imperial City.

Ottawa II.—There have been rumors afloat, that Ottawa was to have Corps No. 11, for some time past. With that purpose in view Ensign Thompson secured a comfortable hall and quarters at the corner of James and Banks Sts., and on Saturday evening Ensign Thompson, assisted by the brass band, conducted the opening service of the new corps, assisted by Capt. Allen and Young. Services were held Sunday afternoon and night, and the prospects are bright for future advancement, the brass band figuring prominently in the efforts put forth. Capt. Allen and Young have been placed in command, and with such notable warriors as these in their ranks, look out for great things in the future. No. 11 corps will become a great blessing and power in the Imperial City for God. Monday evening a great united meeting was held in the interests of the new corps.—Selva.

TRAINING

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TRAINING HOME DESPATCHES.

The sixth session is now almost one month old, and things are slugging nicely for a most successful term. We have welcomed several new comers, among that number being Brother Miller, the first Cadet to come from the Training Home corps.

On Sunday morning Major Stanton held a holy communion with the Cadets in the College, in which God's presence was felt in a marked manner and great blessing was experienced. It was very interesting to listen to the different testimonies given, telling of the victories that had been won since coming to the T. H.

The Cadets' open-air are also a means of great blessing, not only to the people who listen, but to the Cadets themselves. To lead a testimony meeting for fifteen minutes, line out a song, or "sermonize" a short time, is quite a new experience to some of these embryo officers, but the blessing that comes in this way amply repays them for the effort made.

Visitation and War Cry selling is also a new undertaking to many, and unique and varied are the experiences met with.

One lassie, in order to dispose of her War Cry in a saloon, offered to sing one of the songs contained therein. In the midst of her song she was swooped down upon by the frate proprietor, who ordered her out; however, she stood her ground, and did not leave until she had given him some hot shot to set him thinking.

Another lassie, in her round of visitation, came across an old lady struggling to lift an overworn barrow of wood that had toppled over into the ditch. The Cadet promptly gave her a helping hand, thereby receiving the old lady's profuse thanks and blessing.

The following leaf from a couple of Cadets' note books will speak for itself:

"The other day, when War Cry selling, I went into a place where I found two women drinking. They were very drunk. I never saw a sight like it before, and it made me feel so sorry for them. They asked me to sing, which I did, and, after praying with them, gave them a War Cry and a few words of advice. They seemed to appreciate our interest in them and invited us back again."—Cadet Lettie Way.

"One of the best experiences I have had since coming to the College was while visiting. One day,

while going our rounds, we came across an old lady who was unable to get out to any meetings. She had been a Christian for a number of years. I talked to her of bygone days and she told me many of her sorrows and trials and of the way God had kept her. I was reminded of God's promise to never leave nor forsake those who would put their trust in Him. For a number of years she had been blind, and as I read the Bible and prayed with her she was greatly blessed and invited us to come again when we had an opportunity."—Cadet Gordon Morris.

A special "soldiers' meeting" was conducted by Major Stanton at the Training Home corps. Soldiers and converts to the number of forty-five were present. The Major spoke on a "Good Soldier and His Qualifications." The testimonies were free, fiery and enthusiastic. The Parliament St. soldiers are good fighters and good workers.

A special feature of this session is a number of entirely new lectures on different important topics. The Chief Secretary's latest lecture is one on "How to Talk," a very important matter to an S. A. officer. He is also preparing one on "Enthusiasm," and another on "Loyalty."

The General Secretary is also giving a new lecture on "Habit," which will no doubt be very interesting. Major and Mrs. Stanton, with the T. H. Staff and Cadets, spend next Sunday and Monday at the Training Home corps. On Monday night Mrs. Stanton will give a most interesting lecture on "Famous Women."

The College Staff and Cadets are down to visit a number of corps in the city shortly for special meetings; among the number are Riverside, Lippincott, Lisgar St., Dovercourt, and Esther St.

WEST ONTARIO NEWS.

Fighting Without a Barracks.

Galt.—God is still helping us at this place, although we are still fighting in the open-air. The crowds are great and the interest keeping up. Saturday night, although it was awfully muddy, and quite a rain, twenty-one marched and we had a good time, the Ensign leading the way. She has a voice that can make the people hear and listen. Some good songs and testimonies, and a number of prayers around the vast crowd, had their effect. One brother was soon kneeling at the drumhead in the mud crying for

mercy, another drew closer to the rug and wept. By this time the interest was red-hot, and crowds gazed eagerly and drew nearer. The people's hearts were touched at the sight and a number wept. We wound up at 9:15, feeling we had done our best for God. Praise Him! Two souls since last report.—A Soldier.

THE NORTH-WEST.

P. O. Visits the Portage.

Portage la Prairie.—We have just had a visit from Major Burditt and Capt. Habelrik, of Winnipeg, and we trust that their visit has been made a blessing. We had good meetings all day on Sunday, both inside and out. In the afternoon we had a fine march and open-air, when the Major spoke burning words of truth. Returning to the hall we had a lovely time—an old-time free-and-easy. The night meeting was also well attended. The people were not at all disappointed, for the Major did truly pour out God's truths to the unsaved. Sinners were convicted on account of their sins, and at the close one dear sister left the paths of sin and Satan and decided to follow God, making a total of two souls for the day. Much credit is due to Adj. Hayes and Capt. Pearce, the officers in charge, for the way in which they assisted in these meetings, and likewise to the Portage la Prairie brass band. Our motto is, "Onward and Upward."

IN MEMORIAM.

Written in memory of Solon Meeks (father of Capt. Meeks), who departed this life on October 4th, 1904. Aged 84 years.

Death, with its cold and icy hand,
Has made a sudden call,
And severed one from earthly ties,
Esteemed and loved by all.

A few short weeks of bitter pain,
And then he passed away,
To mansion's bliss his spirit fled,
And left its home of clay.

Though dark and dismal seems the hour,
And night excludes the sun,
Help us, in resignation, Lord,
To say, "Thy will be done."

But why should we lament for him?
He's only gone before;
In heaven soon we'll meet again,
To separate no more.

Prepare us, Lord, for that great change,
That change so sure to all;
The day, the hour, we do not know,
When we may get the call.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss.—Omemee, Nov. 2; Lindsay, Nov. 3; Uxbridge, Nov. 4, 5, 6; Peniston Falls, Nov. 7, 8; Hurlburton, Nov. 9; Kilmount, Nov. 10, 11; Lindsay, Nov. 12, 13; Orillia, Nov. 15; Barrie, Nov. 16; Newmarket, Nov. 18; Aurora, Nov. 19, 20, 21.

Ensign Edwards.—Napawan, Nov. 1; Deseronto, Nov. 2, 3; Picton, Nov. 4, 5, 6; Woodville, Nov. 7, 8; Trunton, Nov. 9, 10; Belleville, Nov. 10, 11; Campbellford, Nov. 12, 13; Port Hope, Nov. 14, 15; Millbrook, Nov. 16, 17; Manvers, Nov. 18.

Ensign Poole.—Cochran, Nov. 2, 3; Clinton, Nov. 4; Wingham, Nov. 5, 6; Listowel, Nov. 7, 8; Palmerston, Nov. 9, 10; Drayton, Nov. 11; Guelph, Nov. 12, 13, 14; Galt, Nov. 15, 16; Hespeler, Nov. 17, 18; Brantford, Nov. 19, 20; Paris, Nov. 21, 22; Tilsonburg, Nov. 23; Simcoe, Nov. 24, 25; Norwich, Nov. 26, 27; Woodstock, Nov. 28, 29; Ingersoll, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.

Preliminary Announcement.

GREAT SALE OF WORK OF

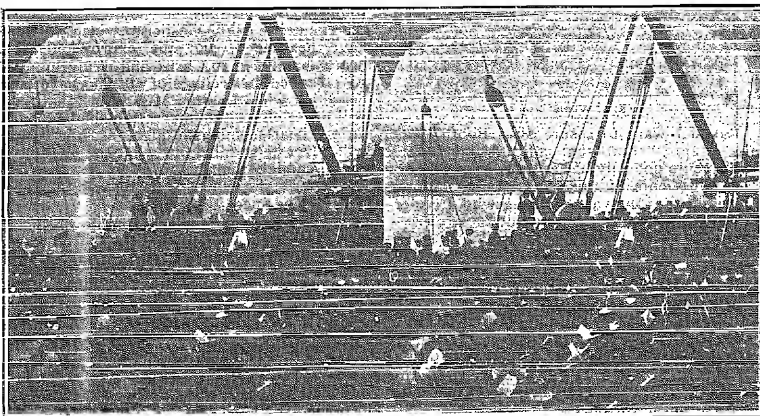
Useful and Fancy Articles in the Interests of the Rescue Work.

As funds are urgently needed in this department, for assisting and extending the work, officers, soldiers, friends, Bands of Love, young people's societies, and other Christian workers, are cordially requested to assist by sending articles as above.

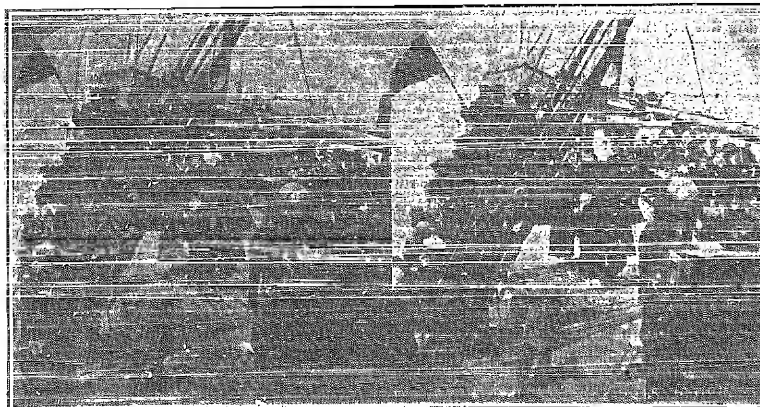
All friends interested in Rescue and Children's Work are also invited to contribute towards the same.

Please communicate with
Mrs. Brigadier Southall,
Women's Social Secretary,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

OUR STEREOSCOPIC SERIES.



No. 5.—Band Practice on Deck.



No. 6.—Hurrah for the Newfoundland Party!



AND QUEBEC.

report we have had a visit from Ensign. Ed. Service entitled, "F. M. is very much appreciated, a visit from our O. with it, as it will be his h of this month we are sorry to have them a great help and blessing for the Master, but we're gain. We pray that their new appointments.

ding Party.

unusual importance has we thought we must in about it. The fishermen throw down a terrible dreggers announcing a place in the burracks, visitations as to who the Some said it was the formed said it was the curse their curiosity into performed, when Bro. d'outpost called Clayton, reported by Capt. Guter, the blushing bride was and tried soldier, Sister y J. S. S.-M. Way. The the point, showing that made up. When the time the bride the pent-up re went by heavy hand- ty approval of the entire was conducted by our er, who easily convinced no novice at tying the the ceremony Brigadier ading and instructive ad- the great L. C., which the audience generally, the Capt. Churchil, of idians, were with us, very much to the inter- wishes of the Tweed ster Hawley, and they y bless them, both tem- in the war, Sec. G.

e and Farwell.

o weeks just past our th the annual Harv st showed successfully. There in connection with it, abilities in singing, drills, ay of fruit, vegetables, ad tables nicely done. work. The sale of these, al assistance toward e just welcomed Ensign ere. On Sunday even- e to her many friends id in a few well-chos- ly sympathy and kind- condertful guidance and Work. The Adjutant' nplished by the Rescu- a statistical account of work done. Adjutant- es and prayers of a e new change at Win- ful worker also at the resented itself, and we Six pleading souls fell l pardon through the close of the meeting- eled Adj. Hicks and e meet again," and action upon the work. se. French.

the Imperial City.

in rumors abound that H. for some time past. Ign Thompson secured ers at the corner of on Saturday evening the brass band, com- f the new corps, ac- ous. Services were ight, and the prospects ment, the brass band rta put forth. Capt. ed in command, and those in charge, look ure. No. H. corps will over in the Imperial a great united meet- of the new opening.

Winnipeg Says Good-Bye to Commissioner.

(Continued from page 9.)

her Bible open—is speaking words which fix the minds before her as one.

There is a tug at our coat sleeve. "I can't help feeling awfully sorry for them," someone whispered; "the street's packed for a block, and there's not a chance of one of them getting in." Nor was there, and although they were offering dollars to the doorkeepers for an ear across the threshold, the requests were impossible to grant.

Absolutely unlike in character and subject, this meeting resembled the previous one in divine force—in the unction which fired the Commissioner's words, in the melting influences that bathed the crowd, and in the definite blessings sought and won. Here is a magistrate in tears, here a rich merchant comes from after enjoying, as he says, "Every moment of the spiritual feast," and here a civic dignitary forgetting all else in the theme of the hour echoing "Grand, grand!" at ecstatic intervals.

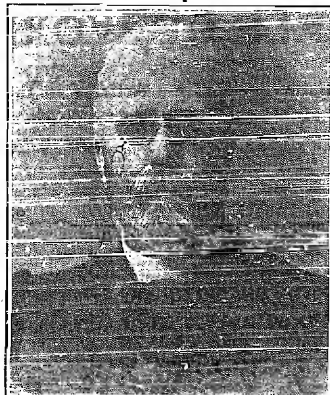
The prayer meeting is a colossal affair—no easy thing to engineer with that immense crowd, but Colonel Pugmire is equal to the occasion, although he told us he never felt heavier responsibility than when he took up the reins in the thrilling moment which followed the Commissioner's wonderful declaration of God's truth. Everybody put their shoulder to the wheel; Christian friends joined officers in personal dealing. Soon gallery, stalls, and pit were scenes of hand-to-hand conflict with distressed souls. The Commissioner, flinging aside her fatigue, or rather forgetting it, brings up a man and wife from the left, while a Captain on the right escorts an Italian violinist of some renown to the mercy seat. The band holds up the Colonel's hands like heroes. Several young men make a rush for the penitent form. The Commissioner leads a closing jubilee of glee over the twenty-fifth surrender.

Monday's Final.

Monday, and the Commissioner's last public meeting in Winnipeg. It is an event for the city—more, as one puts it, "It is a calamity."

So much has already been said about the crowds that it is hard to describe without repetition the huge throng which filled every nook and corner of the Opera House and clamored outside the doors in angry disappointment, despite the falling of a drizzling rain. An hour before meeting time there were fully five hundred in the street. Five-dollar bills were held up as baits, but there was no buying standing room.

A storm of applause shook the building as the Commissioner, escorted by Mayor Sharp and a retinue of prominent clergymen and citizens, came on the stage. Anything more enthusiastic, more emotional, more inspiring than that gigantic throng it has not been our



Dr. Kilpatrick.

lot to witness. Ladies in the boxes with handkerchiefs a stream, gentlemen in the area clapping until the roof rang, while up in the gallery they screamed and stamped a whirlwind of welcome and farewell.

The Mayor, whose confidence in the Army and championship of its rights the past has proved, said he felt it to be one of the honors of his life to preside on such an illustrious occasion. He said: "I am proud to pay honor to Miss Booth, not only because she is the leader of the Army's grand work in this country, but because she is the gifted daughter of the greatest revivalist the history of his age has ever known. We all know something of the magnificent service which the ability and devotion of Miss Booth has rendered this country, and if in any humble way I am permitted to-night to add glory to her name I am privileged indeed."

Major Burditt's address, beautiful in expression and illumination, was read and presented. The crowd eagerly followed each word with nods and smiles of approbation, while the officers, many of them with streaming eyes, said yea and amen all through.



R. J. Whitley, Esq.

"And I want to assure Miss Booth," said the Mayor, "that that address voices the sentiments not only of her own followers, but the sentiments of this vast crowd, and the sentiments of the vaster throng who, I understand, are yet clamoring outside."

Statistics in a Halo.

The Commissioner's address was, of course, the feature of the meeting. For sixty minutes the crowd were held spellbound by the wonderful story she had to tell. Statistics, set in a halo of thrilling incidents, the methods adopted and the glories they had resulted in, made up a fascinating narration, giving glory to God, and raising the flag in the estimation of all. The crowd were carried away—they drank in figures as if they were fairy tales, they nearly dislocated their necks trying to see the speaker at all angles, they laughed and cried at her will, and at the close they dug deep in their pockets to help the work of which she told with a farewell offering worthy of the Metropolis of the West.

"Tell you what," said the brother who had sat like a statue through the address, "taint only her words, it's the 'bloomination' of her face!"

Dr. Kilpatrick, representing the clergy of the city, gave a fervent speech, expressing his appreciation of the Army's work and the Army's leader. He said that in her address she had given expression to the words which he felt to be the key to her wonderful life-work—"I believe." "In this city," he said, "nominally Christian, over which yet the shadow of paganism rests, there are multitudes of men—I hope not so many women—who believe in little more than the almighty dollar. To us all Miss Booth's parting message of faith, uttered again and again with profound conviction and thrilling pathos, comes as an inspiration to us all. Thank God for such a voice in this age of selfishness and materialism, and may we follow its example to the saving of our own souls and for the life

of the undying souls by which we are surrounded. Miss Booth has echoed those words, 'I believe,' in our hearts, and we want to echo our belief in hers—in her self-sacrifice, in her devotion, as well as in the work that grace has given her to accomplish. No part of her address touched us more than that part when she so lost sight of self as to be able to speak of herself—when she told us that she had made no friends, taken no food, rested in no sleep, spent no time, save in the interests of the souls of the people. May her God help us to be also in His hands as the sword in the grasp of the soldier.

Mr. Whitley's Appreciation.

Mr. R. J. Whitley spoke on behalf of the citizens of Winnipeg. "It is," he said, "with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I stand here to-night associated with the farewell of our Commissioner. Canada's loss will indeed be great, and we feel it heavily in Winnipeg. Yet we have Christianity enough, love to God and His work enough, to say that a soldier who has done such valiant deeds and won such glorious victories, must not be kept from fulfilling the purposes of her Commander-in-Chief to press onward when the shot is thickest, and perhaps the future needs and opportunities may be even greater than the present. Too we know that Miss Booth leaves behind her godly men and godly women infused with her own spirit, and these, we are confident, will bring the work she has so gloriously begun to a glorious finish. It would indeed be selfish of us and unworthy of any hearts which have been thrilled by her appeals to tell her not to go where greater good can be done—and where, it may be, tens of thousands await to crown the ministry which has here been blessed to tens of hundreds. God help any individual who has not felt the power of God to-night, who has not listened to the voice of God and been touched by the Spirit of God. It has been the eloquence of the Gospel to which our ears have hearkened, and the expression of a heart abandoned to Christ and dying humanity. I voice the feelings of all who have ever heard her when I assure Miss Booth that time will never efface the impression she has made on our hearts, which through the long future will never be so filled but what they will hold room enough for one so illustrious and so beloved as she who stands in our midst to-night. God speed the Salvation Army, which, when our churches got too aristocratic to climb down to the highways and byways of the people's needs, jumped in the breach and is spending itself for the lost ones of our cities. Dr. Kilpatrick has repeated those words 'I believe' again and again, but I feel more like saying 'I don't believe.' I can't believe that it is Miss Booth's last visit to Winnipeg. I want to warn her that if she doesn't come back to us Winnipeg will send a strong representation to wherever she may be and bring her to our city once more. Long life, long health, long usefulness to you, Miss Booth; and may He who has crowned your talented service in this country go on to sanctify you to the lost and despairing in another."

The Mayor and the Mayor.

An unexpected finish, and one which specially delighted the Commissioner's heart, was the tribute paid by the Mayor to Major Burditt and his troops in the recent open-air difficulty. The Mayor briefly touched on how the difficulty came about, and how himself and the city council made up their minds that their streets would indeed be lonesome without the sound of the Army drum, and hence were only too ready to listen to Major Burditt's masterly statement of the Army's case. "In fact," said his Worship, "when this country wants an ambassador for any intricate mission I should unhesitatingly recommend the Mayor."

After a meeting of three hours we closed packed to the doors, all standing with eyes a-brim and hearts aflame, singing for the last time a song of gratitude with Canada's conquering Commissioner.

Through the God-speeds of a crowd that surged round the door to see her pass, we

squeezed the Commissioner's hand, and cheer went up as she evidently one of the "Well, she was Hengland, but the

It was the priest last day with the held sacred for it is not for a Suffice it to say of hallowed inf pentecostal bles tunity was give speak, and inde testimonies give with falling tear "Commission love you," said thank you for girls."

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squeezed the Commissioner into the cab. A cheer went up as she appeared, and one man, evidently one of the immigrants, muttered, "Well, she was the hidol of their 'arts in Hengland, but this beats all."

It was the privilege of the officers that the last day with the Commissioner should be held sacred for councils, and into their privacy it is not for a War Cry reporter to meddle. Suffice it to say that both sessions were times of hallowed influences, rich instruction, and pentecostal blessing. In the morning opportunity was given for some of the officers to speak, and indescribably touching were the testimonies given—often in broken words and with falling tears.

"Commissioner, we have loved you, we do love you," said one D. O. "We can never thank you for what you have done for us girls."

"She has remembered our homes and cared for our little children," from a mother.

"She has cheered me in sickness."

"She has helped me in sorrow, and held me in temptation."

So they went on—some scattered jewels out of the rich casket which for the past eight years the Commissioner has been storing with loving kindness for her people.

The Commissioner's final cup of tea with the North-West officers followed the afternoon session. Loving hands had decked the tables and spread the dishes, and Adj. Alward, and the soldiers who helped him, were well repaid by the gratitude of their comrades for this last bit of social intercourse with their Commissioner.

Good-Bye to Her Own.

By special request the night's meeting had been thrown open to soldiers, and without any special permission a few ex-soldiers crept in for a share in the final spiritual feast. Only the pen of an angel recorder could describe that meeting. The revivalist veteran, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, said that he had never seen anything like it. The Commissioner's final charge was sixty minutes of flaming inspiration, searching counsel, gentle admonition. The Holy Ghost filled the place, we felt the presence of Omnipotence, the barracks became a Bethel. With scarcely a word of invitation one after the other walked to the mercy seat—they came in twos and threes and singly; some backsliders rushed through the crowd almost as a run. Within ten minutes twenty-six were giving themselves up to daring, devoted service, but that figure does not represent all the blessings found. With our souls yet palpitating with the baptism of fire, we gathered round the flag, and with hands outstretched to it, and hearts bursting with a sense of all the morrow must bring, we pledged ourselves to be true to the colors our Commissioner had carried so unflinchingly before us for the past eight years.

A torch-light procession was to have concluded the day, but elements without had already lit the skies. A huge fire had already laid hold of some of the large wholesale houses, and with the heart of the business centre threatened, the march was out of the question. The flames had tremendous hold, but after fighting half the night and some dozen buildings fallen in ruins, the blaze was got under control. Had the wind been in another direction they say nothing could have saved the city, and the Commissioner's last sight of Winnipeg might have been a charred memory.

The Send-Off.

Glorious sunlight and brimming eyes, brave faces and quivering lips, that last scene at the station was a harrowing recollection. The depot was blocked right out to the street with the crowd who had come to say good-bye—bandsmen who had lost half a day's work to be in at the finish, friends of all classes and conditions pressing for a final handshake, and in the front the officers, upon whose heart the heaviest blow falls, the Commissioner's hand is nearly wrung off, she turns this way and that with final words which will be treasured in heart and handed down in homes as heirlooms. Perhaps the

warning, "All aboard!" never sounded more harsh, albeit the conductor who spoke it and the railway officials who stood around seemed to sympathize with the pathetic intensity of the moment. Shortly the train begins to move—an inch, a yard, and more is between us; the band strikes up, the tears burst out, somebody is sobbing and then a flutter of handkerchiefs covers the scene in white, but at the end of the long train the Commissioner stands, waving farewell with one hand and with the other pointing up, as if mutely calling all to meet her there.

The last wave of the crowd has passed out of sight, and we are stepping through the last boundaries of the railway yards when out on a siding there is Ensign Lacey and the Color-Sergeant waving the colors high in the breeze. So the Commissioner's last sight of Winnipeg was as they had planned it should be—the flying of the flag which she has done so much to lift, not only in the hands of many, but in the hearts of all.

For those who measure everything by mathematics, we append the statistics of the campaign: Finances, \$580; souls, 51; crowds, 4,000 addressed by the Commissioner within; the crowds at her reception, her farewell, and turned away from her meetings beyond estimation.

Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XX.

HENRY V., OF MONMOUTH.—A.D. 1413-1423.

The young King Henry was full of high, good thoughts. He was most devout in going to church, tried to make good bishops, gave freely to the poor, and was so kindly, and hearty, and merry in all his words and ways, that everyone loved him. Still, he thought it was his duty to go and make war with France. He had been taught to believe that the kingdom belonged to him, and it was in so wretched a state that he thought he could do it good. The poor king, Charles VI., was mad, and had a wicked wife besides; and his sons, and uncles, and cousins were always fighting, till the streets of Paris often ran red with blood, and the whole country was miserable. Henry hoped to set all in order for them, by gathering an army together, crossed to Normandy. He called on the people to own him as their true king, and never let any harm be done to them, for he hung any soldier who was caught stealing, or mistreating anyone. He took the town of Harfleur, on the coast of Normandy, but not till after a long siege, when his camp was in so wet a place that there was much illness among his men. The store of food was nearly used up, and he was obliged to march his troops across to Calais, which belonged to England, to get some more. But on the way the French army came up to meet him—a very grand, splendid-looking army, commanded by the king's eldest son, the Dauphin. Just as the English king's eldest son was always Prince of Wales, the French king's eldest son was always called Dauphin, and so the Dauphin of France, the county that belonged to him, had a dolphin on his shield. The French army was very large—quite twice the number of the English—but, though Henry's men were weary and half-starved, and many of them sick, they were not afraid, but believed their king when he told them that there were enough Frenchmen to kill, enough to run away, and enough to make prisoners. At night, however, the English had solemn prayers, and made themselves ready, and the king walked from tent to tent to see that each man was in his place; while, on the other hand, the French were feasting and revelling, and settling what they would do to the English when they had made them prisoners. They were close to a little village which the English called Agincourt, and though that is not quite its right name, the battle has been called after it ever since. The French, owing to the quarrelsome state of the country, had no order or obedience among them. Nobody would obey any other; and when their own archers were in the way, the heretics began cutting them down as if they were the enemy. Some fought bravely, but it was of little use; and by night all the French were routed, and King Henry's banner waving in victory over the field. He went back to England in great glory, and all the aldermen of London came out to meet him in red gowns and gold chains, and among them was Sir Richard Whittington, the great silk merchant.

Henry was so modest that he would not allow the helmet he had worn at Agincourt, all knocked about with terrible blows, to be carried before him when he rode into London, and he went straight to church, to give thanks to God for his victory. He soon went back to France, and went on conquering till the queen came to an agreement with him that he should marry her daughter Catherine, and that, though poor, crazy Charles VI. should reign to the end of his life, when he died Henry and Catherine should be king and queen of France. So Henry and Catherine were married, and he took her home to England with great joy and pomp, leaving his brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence, to take care of his army in France. For,

of course, though the queen had made this treaty for her mad husband, most brave, honest Frenchmen could not but feel it a wicked and unfair thing to give the kingdom away from her son, the Dauphin Charles. He was not a good man, and had consented to the murder of his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, and this had turned some against him; but still he was badly treated, and the bravest Frenchmen could not bear to see their country given up to the English. So, though he took no trouble to fight for himself, they fought for him, and got some Scots to help them; and by-and-by news came to Henry that his army had been beaten and his brother killed.

He came back again in haste to France, and his presence made everything go well again; but all the winter he was besieging the town of Meaux, where there was a very cruel robber, who made all the roads to Paris unsafe, and by the time he had taken it his health was much injured. His queen came to him, and they kept a very grand court at Paris, at Whitsonide; but soon after, when Henry set out to join his army, he found himself so ill and weak that he was obliged to turn back to the Castle of Vincennes, where he grew much worse. He called for all his friends, and begged them to be faithful to his little baby son, whom he had never even seen; and he spoke especially of his brother John, Duke of Bedford, to whom he left the charge of all he had of England. He had tried to be a good man, and though his attack on France was really wrong, and caused great misery, he had meant to do right. So he was not afraid to face death, and he died when only thirty-four years old, while he was listening to the fifty-first Psalm. Everybody grieved for him—even the faithful to poor King Charles, who sat in a corner lamenting for his good son Henry, and wasting away till he died, only three weeks later, so that he was buried the same day, at St. Denis Abbey, near Paris, as Henry was buried at Westminster Abbey, near London.

We are Looking for you

(First Insertion.)

4604. CARRUTHERS, JOHN. Age 48 years, height 5ft. 5in., dark complexion. Left Goderich, Ont., fifteen years ago. Last known address: Jenny Lind P.O., Sebastian Co., Fort Smith, Arkansas.

4607. BARRATT, GEORGE. Age 48 years, height 5ft. 7in., grey hair, blue eyes, light complexion. Left England on Dec. 13th, 1903. Was last known to be working for Mr. John Shepherd (address unknown), Canada.

4608. HEWSON, GEORGE. Age 43 years, height 5ft. 5in., light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Grocer and draper. Last known address, Woodward House, Vancouver, B.C.



4609. DUPACQUIT, LEON, or Wm. Bedlington. Age 36 years, height 5ft. 4in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion; cabinet maker. Has three rings and a bracelet tattooed in India ink on one hand. Last heard of thirteen years ago at Winnipeg, Man.

4610. PHILLIPS, E. Information wanted of E. Phillips, who left London with his wife and two children, on July 9th, per S.S. Louise, for Toronto.

4611. HANSEN, HANS PETER. Age 35 years; cross-formed scar over his right eye. Last heard from in July, 1903, at High River, Alberta.

4612. HANSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN CARL AXEL. Born in Odense, Denmark. Age 32 years; druggist. Last known address, May, 1903, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

4613. CHRISTENSEN, NELS YENS. Native of Valby. Wood merchant. Last known address: Erwood, N.W.T. May be known in Carberry, Man.

(Second Insertion.)

4601. BROWN, REGINALD OSBOURN. Age 19 years, medium height, light hair, brown eyes, fair complexion; sailor. Came to Canada to learn farming. May go by the name of Ralph Patterson.



4699. HAOWELL, HARRY. Salvationist; formerly of Barrie, Ont. Is supposed to have gone to Michigan, U.S.A.

4600. STANFIELD, WILLIAM. Age 60 years, height 5ft. 10in., light hair and eyes, fair complexion; cotton weaver. Was at one time a soldier of the 47th Regiment, England. Came to Canada about thirty-five years ago.

EXTEND THE KINGDOM

BY GETTING YOUR UNIFORM AND GOODS AT HEADQUARTERS

New and Seasonable Lines.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Remember, Christmas is coming, and you should not leave it to the last moment as to what you are going to give as gifts, whether to a friend, or as the F. O. or J. S. Sergeant-Major, in securing suitable gifts for the children. We have made arrangements with our New York

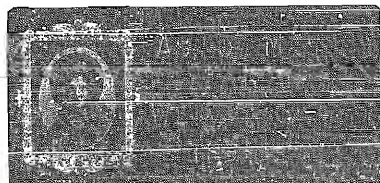
or others, to those under their charge. Write for particulars and prices.

MOTTOES.

We probably have the largest assortment in the city, and we offer special terms to Agents and F. O's. Now is a good time to secure your Christmas gifts. We have also something new

COMMISSIONER'S FAREWELL MESSAGE.

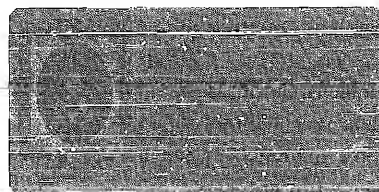
We have received a large shipment of these. The photo is from the Commissioner's favorite negative, and is cabinet size, and will be difficult to get after this stock runs out. Size, 15x7 1/2 in.



Headquarters, who have put in a splendid up-to-date Stamping Outfit, whereby we can get mottoes similar to the above, with any wording printed, and the sender's photo. These would make a splendid Christmas present from an Officer, Pastor, Sunday-School Superintendent,



in the shape of Old and New Testament Stories, in small books of a few pages, with attractive covers, in various colors, at 5c. each. Also some neat Celluloid Book Markers, at 10c. each. These articles will go quickly when they become known.



They are already selling like hot cakes. J. S. workers desiring to secure a number for Christmas presents are requested to order at once. Special discount to Field Officers ordering a number. These orders can be held till the Council, so that expressage might be saved.

CHRISTMAS SUIT.

What about a New Suit for Christmas? Ask your officer for a Self-Measurement Form, and get a New Suit from Headquarters. Remember, our Goods are Specially Made for us, and imported from England direct, so saving middlemen's profit, thus enabling us to give our customers the benefit of what we save by buying direct. Voluntary testimonials are continually

reaching us of the satisfaction in fit and workmanship of our goods. It's your turn to patronize us, and so help the work, isn't it?

POST PENS.

These make a very fine present—being attractive and useful for either lady or gentleman. We have all grades, from \$3.00 to \$6.00. These pens are more popular than ever in the United States. Write for circular.

OFFICERS NOTE!

If you anticipate coming to the Council, it would be well to ascertain from your L. O's what you are likely to require in the above lines, and write us beforehand, so that we can have your order made up. We want your co-operation to make the Trade of mutual benefit to yourself and the Army at large.

The Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Our Medical Column.

Erysipelas.—(Continued.)

It sometimes happens in erysipelas of the face, and frequently when the disease affects other parts of the skin, that the inflammation does not subside so quietly, but the swelling remains; and it will be found that the skin has a peculiar soft, doughy feel; if the finger be pressed firmly on the part a depression remains for a number of minutes after its removal. These symptoms generally indicate that matter has formed in the skin, in this case recovery will not take place until the skin be opened and the matter be permitted to escape. This is absolutely necessary, since otherwise the pus will burrow under the skin, and even downward between the muscles, resulting in a condition which may seriously impair the usefulness of a limb, or even cost the patient his life. Even when promptly opened, the abscess (collection of matter) may run a long and tedious course and cause mortification of the skin and of the muscles underneath; sometimes, in spite of all treatment, it ultimately exhausts the strength of the patient, and causes a fatal result.

Erysipelas of the face often occurs several times in the same individual; in fact, there are those who suffer from it almost every year during the spring months. In general, erysipelas is more prevalent during the spring and fall than at any other time of the year.

Treatment.—The treatment must always be adapted to the patient; and the constitutional treatment is therefore, of far more consequence than the application of remedies to the inflamed skin. If the individual is, at the beginning of the attack, somewhat debilitated, or if he be evidently much exhausted by the onset of the disease, it is extremely important that his strength be sustained in every possible way. For this purpose we rely upon iron and quinine. The following prescription may be given.

Tincture of chloride of iron, 1oz; sulphate of quinine, 1dr; tincture of nuxvomica, 4oz; syrup of orange peel, 2oz; water to make 4 oz. Mix, and take a spoonful in water every four hours.

Sometimes the pain is so intense that it becomes necessary to administer opium. Twenty drops of

laudanum may be given every three or four hours until the pain is somewhat allayed.

For application to the skin itself, one of the best remedies is the following: Tincture of opium, 1oz; liquor plumbi acetatis (lead water), 5 oz. Mix, and apply by saturating soft cloths with the lotion and laying them upon the inflamed skin.

Various means have been tried to prevent the spread of this disease, for one of the unpleasant features of erysipelas is that the inflammation shows an inclination to extend indefinitely over the skin. In order to limit the inflammation it was formerly the habit to draw a line around the advancing disease with a stick of lunar caustic. Although success was claimed for this practice, yet it was finally abandoned. In more recent times several other measures have been proposed and used to accomplish the same result, among these is an injection of a three per cent. solution of carbolic acid at several points in the skin in front of the advancing inflammation; this is done by means of a hypodermic syringe, and the process must be repeated two or three times within a couple of days. If the inflammation be not arrested. This measure should be carried into execution only by a physician, and it must be admitted that its utility in limiting the spread of the disease is very doubtful.

In the early stage of the inflammation the application of cloths wrung out in ice water, or of the ice itself, will often be grateful to the patient, though it has probably no influence in arresting the disease; after the first day or two, cloths wrung out in hot water will usually be found more agreeable to the patient than the ice.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In washing lettuce it is best to wash it in salt and water first, then let it lie in a pan of cold water for a while, lift lightly out, and any insects will have gone to the bottom of the water.

A drop of essence of vanilla put in a cup of coffee gives it a lovely perfume.

In cooking corned beef if it is put into luke-warm water and allowed to simmer very gently it will keep a rosy color.

Stir the saucepan with cold water before milk is boiled in it.

If milk or sugar is upset on a stove, a sprinkle of salt thrown on at once will prevent the objectionable smell arising.

Cold peas mixed with a little finely-cut lettuce and covered with mayonnaise make an excellent salad.

Discolored saucepans of enamel can often be made to look like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

A simple test for butter is to take a clean piece of white paper, smear a little of the butter on it, roll up the paper and set it on fire. If the butter is pure the smell will be rather pleasant, but the oil or distinctly tallowy if the butter is made up wholly or in part of animal fats. Margarine may look like butter, but its smell is anything but pleasant or inviting.

A paste made of plaster of Paris and well-beaten white of egg will mend valuable china so that the join is hardly visible. But it must be washed quite clean first.

An almost invisible cement for mending glass is made of 1 inch of cement in spirits of wine.

A little salt sprinkled on a smoky fire will clear it. The same method on a fire prevented for boiling will give the blue flame so much desired.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick if it be dipped into very hot water. This renders it soft and pliable, and it may then be easily pushed into a candlestick which otherwise would be too small, and it will be neatly and firmly new.

To fumigate a room, put a few red-hot coals in an empty coal shoot or iron kettle, and sprinkle a little sulphur over them. Close the windows and doors for several hours. This should be done often in rooms occupied by transient lodgers.

When glue ribbon has been much creased by tying, if it is placed between tissue paper and ironed it will look fresh again.

If in salting anything, too much should be used, a pinch of sugar will counteract it. If too much sugar is used salt will lessen the sweetness.

In making button-holes, if the cotton is passed through beeswax it will prevent it knotting, and be much stronger.



COME, JESUS, LORD.

Tune.—Come, Comrades, Dear (N.B.B. 135).

- 1 Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee,
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys
Jesus my glory be.

Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart,
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give!
To might Thyself within me live;
Come, all! Thou hast and art.

My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see,
In Thine unclouded face,
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Tune.—The Lion of Judah (N.B.B. 190): Stand Like the Brave (N.B.B. 187).

- 2 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day.
Arise, all ye bond-slaves! awake from your dream!
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

First Chorus.

For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain
And give us the victory again and again.

Second Chorus.
Stand like the brave,
With thy face to the foe.

The world will oppose you and Satan will rage;
To hinder your coming they both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them, too.

Though rough be the fighting and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies.
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view—
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.

A FAREWELL SONG.

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves (N.B.B. 315).

- 3 Side by side together we have worked for Jesus
Sown the precious seed in sunshine, storm,
and rain.
Now the call has come to other fields of labor,
We must still keep fighting till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet again, till we meet again,
We must still keep fighting till we meet again.

Comrades, all be faithful to your Lord and Master,
Do His blessed will without the loss or gain;
To the vows you've made be ever true and faithful,
Then with joy you'll greet Him with a we meet again.

Sinner, traveling downwards, far away from heaven,
On the path which leads to misery and pain,
Come just now to Jesus, He in love will save you,
For His precious blood will cleanse from every stain.

OH, TURN YE!

Tune.—My Jesus, I Love Thee (N.B.B. 135): Oh, Turn Ye! (N.B.B. 199).

- 4 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

Chorus.

"Fighting on," or "The conquering Saviour."

How vain the delusion that while you delay
your heart may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you are,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare,
If still you are doubting make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

SALVATION.

Tune.—Oh, Turn Ye (B.J. 86): Home, Sweet Home (B.J. 64).

- 5 O soul, you are heaping a future of pain,
The seeds you have sown will face you again.
The poor, withered blossoms you plucked and forgot
Will rise up and curse you, who left them to rot.

How far will you wander? When will you return?
How deep will you sink while God's warning you spurn?

Remember, remember, the judgment is near,
And you, undefended, must surely appear.

God's Word strongly speaks of the sin of neglect,
Of those, oft reproved, who refuse to reflect!
How shall you escape, when you waken too late,
To find you've neglected salvation so great?

Consider, consider your ways and be wise,
Reflect on your conduct, oh, open your eye!
'Twill save you eternity's anguish and woe,
If now to the Saviour you'll honestly go.



COLONEL JACOBS,

Chief Secretary,

Accompanied by Brigadier Howel, will visit OTTAWA

TO OPEN THE NEW BARRACKS,

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,
October 29th, 30th, and 31st.

ANNUAL TERRITORIAL CONGRESS AND FAREWELL DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE COMMISSIONER

Toronto, November 24th to 29th.

Representatives from All Parts of the Territory will be Present.
FIVE HUNDRED STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE.
One Way Fare and 15 Cents for the Return Trip from any Railroad Station in the Dominion.

Three Mammoth Meetings in the Massey Music Hall, SUNDAY, November 27th, 3 and 7 p.m., and MONDAY, November 28th, at 8 p.m.

GRAND PROCESSIONS, OFFICERS' COUNCILS, STIRRING APPEALS.

Further Particulars to be Announced in Future Issues.

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21st Year, No. 6.



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